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ETC

EUROPEAN TRASH CINEMA

In This Issue:
Jean Rollin
Brigitte Lahale
Dario Argento
Claude Chabrol
Eddy Saller

plus
Lots of Reviews:
Trauma
Cannibal Terror!
Dracula and Company
Room of Words
Gungala Nude Panther
Terror Express
Women Behind Bars
Open Grave...Empty Coffin
Dangerous Females
Evil Senses
Pickup Girls



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european trash cinema

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EDITORIAL

The first seven issues of this magazine emphasized Italian films and filmmakers to the exclusion of other European countries. With this issue I'll try and redress the balance (afterall, it is called *European Trash Cinema*). For the first time anywhere we preview the new Jean Rollin film, *FEMME DANGEREUSE*, along with an interview and filmography. I'm also happy to present coverage of French favorites Claude Chahrol and Brigitte Lahaie along with obscure German filmmaker Eddy Saller. Ric Menello, the author of the Chahrol article, authored the first english language appreciation of Dario Argento many years ago in an early issue of the legendary Photon magazine. I'll try and coax more French trash coverage from Ric in the future. Still, I couldn't go an entire issue without some coverage of Italian horror films so have included Peter Blumenstock's appreciation of Argento's newest, *TRAUMA* (something that won't occur in too many places for this much reviled film). Finally, my favorite British Critic John Martin covers sex and horror in a trilogy of reviews.

PS: Incidentally, if you read the premiere issue of *IMAGI-MOVIES*, please don't blame me for all those spelling fuckups in my first (and last!) column appearing in that CFQ-clone. I assure you they weren't in my original manuscript.

-Craig

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AN INDEPTH CRITIQUE

BY PETER BLUMENSTOCK

Black screen, credits, war songs—fade-in—smoke, shouts, propaganda slogans—a child's toys—the camera passes toy soldiers with costumes of the French Revolution; then... a guillotine, a head falls, cheers, the camera turns away.

Thus begins *TRAUMA*, Dario Argento's eleventh horror opus, which he himself claimed to be his "PROFONDO ROSSO (DEEP RED) for the nineties" (*Shivers* No.4). Without a doubt, Argento has taken on quite a task, to live up to his intentions during a time in which the horror film has seen better days. That's why the genesis of the movie is actually a tragic monument to the downfall of the European fantastic film, constructed from the stupidity and production bureaucracy of Italian financiers whose permanent ignorance makes a mockery of Argento's talent and his acknowledged status in the history of film.

Approximately three years ago, during the filming of *DUE OCCHI DIABOLICI* (2 EVIL EYES), Argento had the idea for *MOVING GUILLOTINE*, the first pre-production title of the film that eventually became *TRAUMA*. The path from the first draft of the script (by Argento and longtime collaborators Giovanni Romoli and Franco Ferrini) to the final one is littered with at least seven different versions. Argento chose T.E.D. Klein, former editor of the U.S. magazine *The Twilight Zone* and author of the book "Ceremonies", to Americanize the dialogue in order to make the actions and motivations of the characters seem more natural (though rumors say that Klein contributed very little). The ludicrously low budget (when compared to U.S. productions) of \$7 million was a two year gauntlet that was finally overcome when Argento picked up part of

the cost himself. In fact, both Argento and the U.S. Overseas Filmgroup chipped in \$2 million each with the final \$3 million coming from the Italian production company, Penta Film.

THE PLOT

A mysterious killer roams the rainy streets of Minneapolis. His trademark: he paralyzes his victims and decapitates them with a specially-built apparatus. At the same time, illustrator David Parsons meets Aura Petrescu, a disturbed 16 year old girl undergoing treatment at the Farraday Clinic for anorexia. She ends up back at home just as her mother, Adriana, is about to conduct a seance. Before the night is over, both of Aura's parents fall victim to the Headhunter killer. Aura returns to David to ask him for his help in finding the murderer of her parents. More heads roll before the two lovers discover the true identity of the assassin.

AZIONE!

At last year's MIFED film market I had the chance to see a promo reel containing sequences not in the final print of the film. One example is Brad Dourif's decapitation. In the "original" version, the camera waits at the bottom of the elevator shaft. The head is severed, falls spiralling downward in slow motion, only to land open-mouthed, directly on the camera. The next shot shows the head skewered on a protruding pole.

In the new edition, the head is severed, falls downward at a normal speed without any spiralling taking place. Then, a blue-screen closeup of the frightful features of the falling, screaming head which only then lands on the camera. End of scene. Another example includes the filming of Piper Laurie's decapitation twice. The wire used in the Noose-O-matic (Argento's term for the weapon used in the decapitations) was originally supposed to get stuck in her mouth, thus cutting her head in two (instead of just "traditionally" cutting it off).

Officially, Argento told the press that the movie needed no explicit violence to tell the story, but unofficially, he regrets the lack of blood. Had it been filmed the way it was meant to be, TRAUMA would have been one of his most violent films ever. In spite of all the behind-the-scenes crap, I feel that TRAUMA is as brilliant, wonderful and breath-taking as it is disturbing, terrifying and bizarre.

Argento prefers the title PROFONDA ANIMA (DEEP SOUL), which is in his opinion, perfectly paraphrases the form and content of the

film. The title's reference to DEEP RED is no coincidence. TRAUMA is reminiscent of the *giallo*, the classic Italian cinema of the seventies, in which Argento was always the forerunner. Those familiar with DEEP RED will recognize many motifs and ideas from that movie. The identity of the murderer is again quite obvious, but it is too absurdly improbable to be spotted by many. During the shooting, Argento declared TRAUMA to be his last film. His stories and nightmares had been told, his directorial ambitions satisfied. How much of that statement can be taken seriously, only time will tell (it's not going to take long as a newly announced Argento project with Bridget Fonda called LA SINDROME DI STENHAL, a thriller about an evil museum, is already in the works). TRAUMA is the logical conclusion to an evolution which can be seen in all his movies. If one knows Argento's universe and has the nerve to look beyond the surface, one recognizes quickly the extraordinary in this movie, discovering new depths, and finally, revelations never before formulated by Argento with such candor and sensitivity. They lend this film a fragile and remarkably honest purity that reaches far beyond anything in Argento's oeuvre and makes TRAUMA, an allegorical refurbishing of his past, his most personal film ever.

For the first time he tells a love story and manages to film a normal sex scene (albeit one that leads to destructive consequences in the context of the movie). Argento develops the story plausibly, emotionally, yet without falling victim to the temptations of artificial kitsch. The starting point, as always, is his childhood. Argento, who rumors claim to have suffered from anorexia as a child and who still considers the ingestion of food a tiresome necessity, draws the state of mind of Aura's anorexia with precision.

In TRAUMA, Argento turns his insides out, exorcising many demons from his past. Aura Petrescu is Dario Argento, even more so than Jennifer Corvino (Jennifer Connelly) in PHENOMENA, Suzy Banyon (Jessica Harper) in SUSPIRIA or Marcus Daly (David Hemmings) in PROFONDO ROSSO. The casting of his daughter Asia as Aura is in this respect, a logical step and Argento's identification with the role sometimes borders on partial self-annihilation.

As always, Argento gives us pure emotional cinema. Gaudy, energetic, deliberately unrealistic and interminably forceful in the use of style. The characters are pawns in the master's hands to construct an edifice of mood and impressions. Each character has a defined role and predestined

function, like the figures in chess, their interactions leading Argento's story to the inevitable checkmate. His surreal nightmare ticks with uncanny precision. Raffaella Mertes' camerawork is Argento-esque as always, spiced with countless tricks and curiosities (for example, TRAUMA presents the flight of a butterfly from the insect's point-of-view, filmed with a special camera with which Argento experimented during his work on a TV commercial for "Johnson's Air Deodorizer"); still it is most innovative and original. As was the case with SUSPIRIA, Argento experimented with the possibilities of negative manipulation. A special process called EMR enabled him to achieve astonishing effects by intensifying or washing out the elementary colors. Moreover, many sets were fogged before filming. The result is a surreal game of colors, quiet, sensitive and more embedded in American architecture and culture.

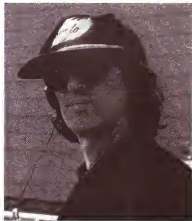
Connected to this, it can't be denied, is a partial Americanization of spirit. It can be seen in small details that are so unArgento-like, yet one hesitates to condemn it as commercialization. His style is too extraordinary, his ideas too European to appeal to a large audience. TRAUMA is not the type of film you sit back with a six-pack to enjoy and certainly isn't a horror film in the traditional sense (Argento claims TRAUMA is his version of a love story!); it's rather the expected Argento hybrid, walking the border between thriller and an emotional cinema that only a few will appreciate.

The step towards America may be wrong in many respects (surely it's a case of misjudgment in the hunt for prestige), but in today's entertainment climate, what choice has he got? (Though the use of Tom Savini's, as usual, inept SFX could have been done better by Sergio Stivaletti at a fraction of the cost!) He made a deliberate decision to work in America because the plot, could only have been realized in a large US city and stylistically because he has always admired American cinema. Argento never saw himself as the savior of the Italian horror film tradition. Penta, the Italian distributor owns or controls at least 80% of the movie theaters. They are the only company with enough financial resources to pay for the distribution rights for an independent feature with such a high budget. Penta has the power in Italy to make or break the film. Apparently it didn't fit into their distribution plans and six weeks before the film's release, they hadn't even decided on a poster for advertising. When the posters came out, they were limited to the dark corners of the street (unlike the ones for the big US productions that were

plastered all over the city, what the fuck, who care...). There were very few trailers on TV and paper ads disappeared after a week! To continue to declare Argento a spearhead of popular Italian cinema is a joke, not only because of the aforementioned problems, but also because the box office receipts of his last four productions (OPERA, THE CHURCH, 2 EVIL EYES and THE SECT) weren't exactly bonanzas.

The musical score also caused a hell of a lot trouble as Pino Donaggio wasn't chosen until a month and a half before the film's release. Under those circumstances, what he was able to accomplish deserves a lot of praise. When shooting came to a close, rumors had it that Gohlin would score the film (the group had reunited 6 months earlier). Unfortunately, even considering Donaggio's breath-taking work, Overseas Filmgroup considered Gohlin too obscure for the International (read American) marketplace.

Without question TRAUMA is not perfect, but for the first time it's not Argento who's to blame for the film's shortcomings. TRAUMA had the potential to become his best film ever. Stylistically, it's probably his most unspectacular movie but it contains treasures that could be discovered over a period of numerous articles. Perhaps it would be better for Argento to conclude his oeuvre with TRAUMA, as worthy a swan song as can be expected under the current production circumstances. One hopes for a better day and larger audiences.



director Dario Argento

SHOOTIN' THE SHIT

random thoughts, comments, and reviews by
CRAIG LEDBETTER

Of interest to ETC readers are certain new releases from Mike Vraney's Something Weird Video. Under the omnibus heading, Frank Henenlotter's *Sexy Shockers*, such long unseen items as *SEXY PROIBITISIMO*, *THE CURIOUS DR. HUMPP*, *ECCO*, *MONDO PAZZO*, *MONDO BALARDO*, *THE AWFUL DR. ORLOF* and *IT'S HOT IN PARADISE (HORRORS OF SPIDER ISLAND)* are now available.

HORRORS OF SPIDER ISLAND features a cheesy monster and some of the beefiest women ever (a refreshing concept in this day of anorexic super models). The dubbing is awful but fortunately the wonderfully trashy musical score takes your mind off the dialogue. Certainly not the classic many "experts" led us to believe, it still beats the shit out of any Jim Wynorski flick. *SEXY PROIBITISIMO*'s direction is credited to Gino Mordini (the film's producer) when in actuality Marcello Martinelli is the guilty party. This 65 minute B&W film (cut down from the original 84) is a series of striptease vignettes that trace the "art" form's evolution from the caveman days to modern times. The success of Osvaldo Civirani's *SEXY PROIBITO* (also produced by Mordini) led to this and 13 other similarly titled films in the early sixties. Jesus Franco's *THE AWFUL DR. ORLOF* though missing the nudity found in VSoM's subtitled

version actually runs 4 minutes longer. Howard Vernon's fine performance really adds to what remains one of Franco's best films. *MONDO PAZZO* (actually *MONDO CANE PT. 2*) mixes goofiness (a cow carwash) with gore (a Buddhist monk torches himself) as most Italian Mondo films are want.

All films come in attractive boxes and are up to Vraney's high standards of duplication. It's also good to see Something Weird following VSoM's lead in releasing subtitled prints of foreign language films. These include four films by José Mojica Marins such as *THE STRANGE WORLD OF COFFIN JOE*, *HALLUCINATIONS OF A DERANGED MIND*, *AT MIDNIGHT I'LL TAKE AWAY YOUR SOUL* and *THE AWAKENING OF THE BEAST*. They represent all that's weird and wild about Marin's favorite subject Zé do Caixão. All are must haves and let's hope they are successful enough for Mike to release others. All titles are \$20 plus \$3.00 for postage from SWV, P.O.Box 33664, Seattle, WA 98133.

I love trailer tape compilations and Charles Kilgore of Ecco has released *GRINDHOUSE HORRORS* which is one of the best. Concentrating on the sleazy seventies, the tape runs over 100 minutes and features more than 40 film previews. A nice mix of US and ETC-type titles that run the gamut from well known

(*DEEP RED* and *GOLIATH AND THE SINS OF BABYLON*) to the obscure (*THE DEATH DEALERS* and *SWEDEN, HEAVEN AND HELL*). Contact Charles at P.O.Box 65742, Washington, DC 20035.

And finally two titles recently unearthed by VSoM. I rarely rave about a film but now that I have seen an English language duh of Francesco Barilli's *THE PERFUME OF A WOMAN IN BLACK* (1974), it's time to do just that. A brilliant ADULT horror film (something no longer made here or anywhere else) that is centered around the performance of Mimsy Farmer. Her character is rather meek and practically afraid of her own shadow. The film follows two plot threads (that's two more than usual these days) that meet during the last five minutes of the film for a climax that rivals anything seen in *CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST*! In the past I've been taken to task for giving too much away in my reviews so I'll stop right here except to say that if you're not mesmerized by this film, what is your fucking problem?

Next up is *VICE SQUAD* (1984), a French film subtitled by VSoM, that was directed by Max Pécas. Usually known for his work in straight sex films, *VICE SQUAD (BRIGADE DES MEURS)* is an uncompromisingly nihilistic and nasty policier that (wait for it) makes *DIRTY HARRY* look like... (You fill in the blank). Transsexuals

are being blown away by men on motorcycles and Inspector Gerard who is assigned to the case does what ever it takes to uncover the web of corruption behind the killings. Pecos' background in porno comes in handy delineating this environment as live sex shows play out in the background of an underworld leaders' little get together and one of the killers is described as being 'obsessed by pussy' (which would describe most of the people I work around in the Oilfields of South Texas). Before the film ends Gerard goes on a revenge spree that rivals the carnage found in a Fulci splatter fest. Eyes are gouged out with knives, a hand is hatched off followed by said weapon splitting the face in two of another, and finally the head sleazebag gets a grenade stuffed down his trousers. Fine family entertainment. And here I thought French filmmakers were a bunch of pussies (I realize that statement is not correct in these politically enlightened times but I don't give a ... well, you know the refrain by now).

This review was one of three written for the OBSESSION: THE FILMS OF JESUS FRANCO book, the other two were printed but this one was rejected for reasons unknown. So, never wanting to let things go to waste, here it is:

PICKUP GIRLS

aka La Chica De La Bragas
Transparentes (1980)

PLOT: Harry Feldman shows up at a strip joint looking for Emilio. Feldman is taken by two strippers, named Suzy and Pussy, back to their apartment to meet him. Once there, Feldman is drugged and photographed

making love to the two girls. He awakens to find another woman, with see through panties, pointing a gun at him. He knocks her down and runs off looking for Suzy and Pussy. After locating them, he discovers they were hired by Emilio to set him up. Upon hearing this, he reveals his real name is Al Crosby, a private detective hired by Feldman to find out who was threatening his life. Crosby takes the two strippers along to explain everything to Feldman only to discover he's been killed. Feldman's wife Carla (the one seen earlier with the see-through panties) had her lover, Emilio, kill her husband for the inheritance. She reveals to Crosby the bizarre story about her past life. It seems she was born a man (named Robert) who, along with his sister, belonged to a rich family. His father was so disappointed to learn his son was a homosexual, he wrote him out of the will. When the father and daughter died in a car accident, the son, along with Feldman and three other accomplices, concocted a scheme to retain the family fortune. Robert had a sex change operation (becoming the sister Carla) and gained access to the family fortune. The others kept the one piece of evidence that could blow the entire scheme, Robert's severed penis. Each year they took turns guarding it, thus keeping Robert/Carla under their power. Carla finally had enough and with the help of Emilio, begun knocking off the gang of four. She wants Crosby's help to set up the last, a judge named Marcos. Crosby is sympathetic to her story and aids her in her quest. After knocking off Marcos, Carla and Emilio celebrate by screwing their brains out (she wouldn't let Emilio "do

it" until she got her member back).

CRITIQUE: This is one of Franco's more complicated (plot-wise) yet enjoyable sex films. It's a demented take-off on detective films of the 40s (like **THE MALTESE FALCON**) and only Franco would center the plot around the search for a pickled penis! Robert Foster's (real name Antonio Mayans) performance as tough guy Al Crosby is deliciously tongue-in-cheek (and since this is a Franco film, Foster's tongue is also in several other places). The duhning helps too, for example, when he's about to have the crap beat out of him by three butt-ugly lesbians, Crosby describes them as, "Every masturbator's dream." or, at the end, when he gives his Humphrey Bogart/CASABLANCA farewell to Suzy and Pussy, who ask him "What will we do?", he responds, "You'll go on fucking your brains out!" Franco finally gives his real life wife's character, played by Lina Romay, an appropriate moniker, **PUSSEY!** She and Doris Regina as Suzy, give just enough of a light-hearted twist to their characters. In a way, they are similar to other female duos in such Franco films as **SADIST EROTICA** and **TWO FEMALE SPIES WITH FLOWERED PANTIES**. Rosa Valenty as Carla is as sexy as she is dangerous. The lengths she goes to in rescuing her long ago severed member are admirable and when she states that the only way for her to feel like a woman again is to have her dick back, you believe her! Franco cameos as a corpse (he's the deceased Harry Feldman) in this pleasurable romp that shows, when given a decent script, he was capable of successfully fusing outside genres to the sex film.



ETC REVIEWS

DRACULA AND COMPANY reviewed by Steve Fantone

Okay, I'm reviewing this particular film, not because it's a great classic or anything of that sort (it's assuredly the exact opposite), but simply because it's a Greek vampire comedy; and, just how many Greek vampire comedies have YOU seen this week? I didn't think so. The only other remotely "genre" film of such Mediterranean extraction I recall seeing (at Toronto's Festival of Festivals) is Nikos Nikoladis' weird, supremely ultra-pretentious noir allegory, **SINGAPORE SLING** (1990). But, that film's verging-on-XXX erotic situations and Jodorowsky/Argento-emulative nihilistic nastiness—ie: the strap-on phallic knife blade vaginal penetration scene, which makes Anthony Perkins and his chrome-plated dildo in Ken Russell's **CRIMES OF PASSION** (1984) pale by comparison—are about as far removed from the present film's cornball/screwball temperament as you can get.

The two other local associates of mine who've seen **DRACULA AND COMPANY**, (it is readily available through Torontonion Greek/Turkish video outlets) seem to concur that it has an overall ethnic flavor not unlike certain Mexican b/w vampire parodies (Benito Alazraki's **FRANKENSTEIN, EL**

VAMPIRO Y CIA or **FRANKENSTEIN, DRACULA AND CO.** et al spring to mind). It is apparently from a similar time-frame (1961 or so?), but could just as easily have originated anywhere from 1957 to '67 for all I know...

DRACULA AND COMPANY commences with a googly-eyed cartoonish vampire face leering under the alien credits (these are indecipherable, Hellenic hieroglyphs and all). Murky, scratchy b/w film stock and emphatically boary melodramatic score help strengthen the analogous Mexploitation connection still further. As with Antonio "Clavillazo" Espino, Fernando "Mantequilla" Soto and other south-of-the-border comics, our Greek funnyman hero (whom I must assume is the "A. IATPOY" mentioned on the video jacket) looks much like an out-to-pasture Bowery Boy, while comedic subtleties (if any exist in this lowbrow exercise) steadfastly elude translation. This goofy character is led after nightfall by a lantern-bearing peasant to an inn-full of middle aged male yokels who keep fervently crossing themselves as they undoubtably talk of vampires. The few women evident in town are either buxom barefoot peasant wenches or ditto in sheer white negligees, prone to sleeping with vampire-repellant strings of garlic bulbs handy. Gee, I wonder WHY?

A homely "hunchback" shows up, sporting *the* most bogus hunch in recent memory: it looks as if he simply stuffed a spare couch pillow up the back of his shirt. "Ygor" fails to even be as scary (or as funny) as SCTV's Woody Tobias, Jr. as essayed by Eugene Levy. As with the Mex-films of similar ilk, **DRACULA AND COMPANY** engages in a painful degree of mild slapstick and "visual comedy" early on, set to blaring trumpet jazz and pseudo-classical orchestration (undoubtedly pillaged from various outside sources). The former's shuffle drumming and tooting horns somewhat reminded me of Fred Katz and Ronald Stein's "avant-garde" work in early Roger Corman films, though not as manic; and manic or at the very least ANY ACTION is what this film is in dire need of.

Anyway, as expected the low-hudget quasi-Quasimodo ensures that our over-the-hill Dead End Kid gets properly ensconced up at ye local olde dark house. Any comedy in evidence thus far is resolutely of the simple minded variety (the hero's inane gag interaction with an uncooperative rattan rocking chair is a prime low point in the international annals of physical comedy "improv").



At times, the lead comic resembles a far less-talented version of hawk-nosed Louis de Funes (the frantic French comic genius who played bungling Inspector Juve in the Andre' Hunebelle's fantabulous **FANTOMAS** trio, 1964-67).

Before long, echoing laughter from seemingly out of nowhere introduces us to the "villain" of the piece, a voluminously-caped stereotypical vampire. Picture a cross between Ferdy Mayne and John Marley equipped with two-inch canine protuberances that look a lot like small walrus tusks, and you'll have some idea of how he looks. Also, a phony vampire (a balding fat guy sporting spurious homemade fangs) puts in an appearance in order to terrorize our hero and a prudish-looking, bespectacled female sidekick at the gloomy mansion.

DRACULA AND COMPANY's economical photography is often atmospheric in a cheapjack way (for instance, a "mood lighting" strobe effect is achieved by what appears to simply be a light switch being rapidly clicked on and off).

Plot? *What* plot?? The film is basically a series of unrelated sight gags/dream sequences (believe it or not, one of the latter involves a soccer game in which Dracula actually plays goalie). The fragmentary nature of the non-linear story also weaves in a modern ballet/tango session involving a suave vampire and swooning vixen victim whose sequined lootard seems hard-put to adequately contain her prodigious Macedonian hutt-cheeks. **DRACULA AND COMPANY** meanders in and out of "surreal" situations and odd imagery, which means comprehension surely suffers. I admit that my concentration wavered for awhile, but I'm sure even if I HAD paid rapt attention to every subtle nuance, I would still have emerged not really knowing what the FUCK was going on. And, after all these less-than scintillating (and then some) vampiric goings-on, both "bloodsuckers" are apparently revealed to be fraudulent, a la Tod Browning's **MARK OF THE VAMPIRE** (1935) and the Mexican horror western, **VAMPIROS DEL OESTE/THE VAMPIRES OF THE WEST** (1965).

A later Grecian vampire spoof/satire, if we are to believe reports, Nikos Zervos' **DRACULA TAN EXARCHIA** (1983), fared little (or no) better in the quality stakes. **DRACULA AND COMPANY** is an odd little curio chiefly watchable only as a rare example of Greek-style genre film making. As anything more, it fails miserably, undone by a very modest hudget (probably HALF again that of the average micro-hudget '60s Mex horror, if you can conceive of it). Its stoic refusal to resort to even

the slightest optical or special FX only accentuates the innate barrenness.

To all you devout Euro Trash Cinéaste out there, this film is a required piece of viewing for sheer oddball/rarity value alone. But, to others less seriously engrossed in the Quest For The Ultimate Continental Obscurity-forget it!

ROOM OF WORDS (1999)

directed by Franco Molè

reviewed by Julian Grainger

On first glance this would seem to be the inevitable rip-off of Philip Kaufman's **HENRY AND JUNE**, however the two films were in production concurrently and the surprise is that Franco Molè (who helmed 1979's **PRIMA DELLA LUNGA NOTTE**) is directing his own play. The location is switched from Paris to New Orleans but otherwise the story is similar to the Kaufman epic: impoverished writer Henry Miller (David Brandon) introduces his painter friend Anais (Martine Brochard) to a cabaret singer with whom he has become infatuated. After various desultory couplings, many earnest conversations and no small amount of soul-searching, the two women consummate their relationship.

Filmirage and Wind Film combined their less than massive talent pool in the hope of creating what would appear as a class act - filmed in English on location in the United States with a mostly American cast - and to some small extent they have succeeded. The gorgeous Martine Brochard turns in a great performance and there is a fine jazz-score from Gianni Silano. However, a restrictive budget and limited technical expertise seriously hamper any attempts at period reconstruction: the over-used nightclub setting is sparsely populated and its garish colors, harshly lit, are tough on the eyes.

A roving camera and unusual angles are used to little effect, seldom adding either ambience or information about the settings or characters. Actress Linda Carol - playing the pivotal role of June - may have a beautiful body, but she looks as if she has just stepped out of a modern-day soap opera. Furthermore, her lines are dubbed badly in an unattractive flat accent. David Brandon's cruel looks are equally inappropriate and he is simply not a good enough actor to carry off the complex role of Miller.

Why the British video cover (from cheapo specialists, Braveworld) should bear the credit 'Directed by Joe D'Amato' is a mystery since **11 DAYS, 11 NIGHTS** and **BLUE ANGEL CAFE** were

hardly erotic masterpieces by any standards. The greatest crime however lies in the excruciatingly dull dialogue which renders all of the characters as uninteresting as they possibly could be, supplying them neither with introductions or backgrounds. Almost the entire running time is taken up with "meaningful" discussions between Anais and Henry, Anais and June, June and Henry, Anais and her psychiatrist and so-on ad nauseam. The one or two ultra soft-core sex scenes hardly raise viewer interest and the climatic love-making between Anais and June is so restrained, so coy (shot in traditional soft-focus) and so resolutely un-erotic, that it is difficult to determine what kind of audience this could possibly appeal to. Incidentally, Laura Gemser makes a brief and uncredited appearance as a masseuse.

TERROR EXPRESS! (1979)

directed by Ferdinando Baldi

reviewed by John Martin

It could be argued that Ferdinando Baldi's **TERROR EXPRESS!** was fatally compromised from its very conception, being an obvious attempt to jump somebody else (Aldo Lado's **LATE NIGHT**) train, but then Lado himself wasn't prevented from turning in *that* cruel mini-masterpiece by the fact that it was essentially **LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT** on wheels, nor was Wes Craven's epoch-making effort itself fettered by its basis in Ingmar Bergman's haunting **THE VIRGIN SPRING** (and to get really pedantic about it, innumerable Jacobean revenge tragedies).

But the double-edged moral barbs so ably laded out by Lado are badly hungled in its transition from Bergman to Baldi, though he and scriptwriter Luigi Montefiore (aka George Eastman) have at least tried, hess 'em to come up with a couple of new wrinkles on the theme. Thus instead of a mere couple of helpless girls, the thugs in this thing are provided with a whole carriage of helpless victims, each of whom is introduced along with a signature personal problem, the kind that you could imagine them opening their hearts to Oprah Winfrey about, e.g. the past-it husband (Venantino Venantini) and his spoilt hitch wife (Zora Kerova) making one last futile attempt to keep their marriage off the rocks, the old couple en route to a swiss sanatorium so she can receive kill-or-cure treatments, and so on... and on: after an eternity of this hearts-and-flowers stuff, I was checking the credits to make sure I hadn't inadvertently tuned into one of those Irwin Allen disaster movies from the seventies!

Baldi and Montefiore's real coup though, such as it is, is to reverse standard procedure in these things—instead of questioning the moral rectitude of the avengers at the film's climax—establishing the regular folks as scum-bags from the word go—witness the neurotic nuclear family in which mom's frigidity has Pop (Roberto Caporali) lusting after his virginal daughter, and the Mr. Burns (any **SIMPSONS** fans out there?)-type respectable businessman plus flunkey, who between them provide the most cherishable gem of dialogue in the movie...

Rich Guy: "Buy me some magazines for the journey... you know the kind I like".

Flunkey (To news vendor): "A copy of every porno mag you have please".

To complete the irony, these white sepulchres are ultimately rescued by those among them whom they most despised (a jail-bound prisoner (Gianluigi Chizzì) and an inner-city hooker (Silvia Dionisio) when the "Express Gang" strikes. In fact the gang are too well-heeled—not to mention old—to be taken seriously. Carlo de Mejo, in particular, could well be on his way home from the local **SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER** disco. He looked much more comfortable as the zombie-busting psychoanalyst in Fulci's **THE BEYOND**.

Baldi is certainly guilty of trying to pass off facile posturing as serious political/sociological comment, but that's not exactly a rare occurrence in the world of Italian exploitation cinema. What is unforgivable though is his complete failure to generate any thrills or suspense whatsoever. It surely wasn't unreasonable to expect some "in your face" action from the erstwhile **COMIN AT YA!** director, but every time **TERROR EXPRESS!** threatens to go anywhere vaguely interesting, Baldi derails the proceedings by tossing (an appropriate metaphor for his shaky grasp of technique) in an interminable soft-core sex scene, most of which revolves around de Mejo's wise-cracking lout proving that he really is a cunning linguist (**OUCH!-ED**).

There's also truckloads of footage in which one of his accomplices licks devotedly and idiotically at Kerova's buttocks, as though this were some bizarre new cellulite treatment (admittedly if it were, poor Zerova could certainly use it... and while we're dissecting her figure, Kerova demonstrates here her perfect qualifications for that **MAKE THEM DIE SLOWLY** casting (in both senses of the word) — gnat-bite breasts around

which Gianetto de Rossi's impaled prosthetic falsies could comfortably nestle).

It's a moot point as to how much of the responsibility for these sequences should be borne by D'Amato scum-school graduate Montefiore, although Michele Soavi has proved that a good director can make something worthwhile of a Montefiore screenplay (though it could be alternately argued that "Lew Cooper's solid **STAGEFRIGHT** screenplay kept Soavi's flighty feet on the ground). **TERROR EXPRESS!** is unarguably a second-class vehicle, offering only the passing pleasure of spotting a motley crew of familiar-faced thespians and reeling off as many credits as you can of this veritable "Who's who"... or "Who was who", I guess, now that this particular golden age of Italian outrage seems to have been brought to a premature close by the bland tendency inaugurated by TV mogul Berlusconi and his ilk.



Silvia Dionisio and Werner Pochat (*Terror Express!*)

To end on a really sour note... how many times have you been pissed off by the myth, perpetrated by the Tipper Gores and Mary Whitehouses of this world, that the movies we love often feature scenes in which women are raped and find themselves enjoying it, or come to regard it as a "liberating experience"? Well, **TERROR EXPRESS!** really *does* contain such a scene (de Mejo taking Caporali's daughter, after high-dicing for her hymen against her own sleazoid father) and IT STINKS! Shame on you, Messrs Baldi and Montefiore.

**UNA TOMBA APERTA... BARA VUOTA
(OPENED GRAVE... EMPTY COFFIN)**

**directed by Alfonso Balcazar
reviewed by Max Della Mora**

Oliver provokes the death of his wife, Helen, while she suffers from the effects of alcoholism, or at least he thinks so. Soon he finds a new companion, Ruth, who's not welcomed at Oliver's villa by his sister Jenny (she has a fondness for torturing animals and incidently, she was also Helen's secret lover). Also there is Sara, Oliver's father's widow. Ruth understands there's something unclear in the story of Helen's death and after someone tries to kill her or drive her crazy, it's revealed that Sara, who has a morbid desire of protection/possession of Oliver, killed Helen. Oh! what a surprise!

UNA TOMBA APERTA... features some gory killings (mostly of the throat-slashing variety), Italian and Spanish actors who pretend to be English, an extremely boring plot only half-developed and so illogical it makes me want to fill up the "open coffin" of the title with the prints of this film.

EVIL SENSES (1991)

**directed by Gabriele Lavia
reviewed by Max Della Mora**

Gabriele Lavia (whom I appreciated in Pupi Avati's **ZEDER** aka **REVENGE OF THE LIVING DEAD**) and his real-life wife Monica Guerritore have that typical, "We're intellectual and we do intelligent movies with provocative, transgressive themes" attitude that makes me want to PISS on their faces. **EVIL SENSES**, like the other films made by the couple (**FOTO GRAFANDO PATRIZIA** and **SCANDALOSA GILDA**), is a "lobster" or artsy-fartsy-type production. They come with pre-manufactured dialogue and boring glossy sex scenes.

Now that I've insulted them thoroughly, you may ask why am I reviewing **EVIL SENSES** in the

pages of ETC? Well, it features amazing gore scenes usually missing from most contemporary Italian productions. The plot is quite simple: Lavia is a killer and someone wants to kill him. In a fancy brothel he meets a woman (Monica Guerritore) who wants to experience some kinky sex. In reality she's a killer sent to slay Lavia. They fall in love but he ends up killing her (accidentally) instead.

So, where's the gore? **EVIL SENSES** offers some gunshots to the head; the one where Monica is shot between her eyes is particularly impressive with her brain flying out in slo-mo. Then there's a nasty drill bit through the neck and a glass sculpture (in the shape of a pyramid) that pierces someone's stomach. So, between so much shit there's even some blood... For the trivia fans please note that composer Fabio Frizzi also worked on Fulci's **ZOMBIE** and **THE BEYOND**.

CANNIBAL TERROR (1981)

**directed by Allan W. Steeve
reviewed by John Martin**

Allan W. Steeve's **CANNIBAL TERROR** is a French man-eating effort that follows the Italian model closely but incompetently, being so badly put together that it has been suggested in certain quarters that Monsieur Steeve is merely another alias for Jesus Franco (though the guilty party is actually the director of **SEXY CAT**, Julio Perez Taberner). The whole tone of the film is encapsulated in its opening scene, which concerns two mean-looking dudes breaking into a yacht. What they're after is uncertain, but the extent of their vocabulary is clear enough:

"Can't you open the fucking door?"

"Shit... oh shit."

"Shit... what are you doing?"

"Shit... oh shit."

"Fuck... oh fuck it! No fucking idiot could get that door open... made me look a fucking fool!"

Striking out as cat burglars, they try their hand at kidnapping, abducting a little boy and making for a safe house in the depths of some jungle while the ransom is sorted out.

Their jungle guide advises them that cannibals lurk behind every bush. "They'd love to put you in the soup" she warns "but if we don't stop, there's no sweat". As it happens, there's sweat aplenty, because their jeep breaks down and, disregarding her own warnings, the guide wanders off into the undergrowth and is promptly ambushed by the

locals— a less than convincing spectacle. The "cannibals", who seem more interested in playing tug-of-war with the unfurling intestines than eating them, overact shamelessly, grinning like loons as they brandish offal at the camera. One can understand Third World people not having much cinematic savvy, but why on earth weren't their excesses edited out? Further inept editing ensures plenty of shots of people standing around waiting for the cues and at times you can see the joins between shots — the last time I witnessed production values as low as this was in the hardcore flick, **DEBBIE DOES DALLAS**.

Despite the loss of their guide, the kidnappers make it to the jungle safe-house. As soon as their host goes away on a business trip, one of the desperadoes ties his wife to a tree and rapes her, a feat he accomplishes without dropping or even unzipping his trousers. When huhhy gets home he takes his guests on a hunting trip. He ties the rapist to the very tree against which he had his wicked way and gives a sharp whistle, which is apparently the cannibal equivalent of a dinner gong. The rapist is eaten and his partners in crime tied to poles and carried off to the native village, where they are given the **CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST** treatment while the kidnapped kid is led off to play in the cannibal kindergarten.

By the time the parents arrive, acting on a hot tip-off, there's not much left of the kidnappers. The tribal chief assures them that "the gangsters got all the punishment they deserved", indicating what is supposed to be the severed head of the chief hood: "He got all the pain and suffering that was coming to him."

So will anyone who sits through this garbage!

GUNGALA, NUDE PANTHER (1968)

directed by Ruggero Deodato
reviewed by Max Della Mora

This is one of the first movies made by Mr. Cannibal himself, Ruggero Deodato, the man responsible for one of the most controversial movies ever made, **CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST**. It's a movie that I sincerely hate for its exploitation of animal agony. In the late sixties, many movies about female Tarzans were made and **GUNGALA** ...is probably one of the first. A sequel, **GUNGALA VIRGIN OF THE JUNGLE**, was made by Mike Williams (Romano Ferrara), while others in this sub-genre include **LUANA** by Bob Williams (??) and **TARZANA SESSO SELVAGGIO (TARZANA: SEXY SAVAGE)** by James Reed (Guido Malatesta). All have certain staples in common,

such as beautiful girls who show glimpses of T&A, exotic settings, muscle-bound heroes and poor extras from the slums of Cinecittà.

GUNGALA opens with a hysterically racist line of dialogue. A blonde WASP-type guy goes to meet the chief of an African tribe and says, "You look happy today". The Chief answers, "I'm always happy when I have a bottle with me..." 'nuff said! Gungala was the daughter of a rich jewelry store owner and she was lost in the jungles of Africa when her father's plane crashed. As she's the inheritor of her father's estate her cousin Julie embarks on a expedition to locate her. The plot is thread-bare but during the film you will:

SEE! - the expedition attacked by the terrifying tribe of the Makemba! Some extras are real Africans while others are Italians in blackface!

SEE! - A tribesman move in front of the camera even after being killed and evidently *without* Ruggero Deodato shouting "Fire him".

SEE! - Extremely fake sets. So fake you'll not be surprised to see stuffed animals in place of the real thing.

SEE! - During a fist fight between two major characters, a double who doesn't resemble (not at all!) the actor he's doubling.

YOU'LL NOT SEE! - cannibalism, mutilations, animal cruelty, rude abortions, etc, etc...

WOMEN BEHIND BARS (1977)

directed by R Deconnink (Jess Franco)
reviewed by John Martin

Although **WOMEN BEHIND BARS** (aka **FEMALE GUARD IN A WOMAN'S PRISON**) is officially credited to Rick Deconnink, the veiled hand of Jesus Franco is at work here. The plot, perfectly encapsulated in that penny dreadful title, is "arse-deep in Franco territory" (to quote the indispensable Absurd's Ian Counce).

This torrid little saga commences with randomly culled travelogue footage, horrendous canned music and a poor man's Sam Spade voice-over courtesy of "Milton Warren, Insurance man" (recalling Franco's **THE GIRL WITH THE SEE-THROUGH PANTIES**). Shirley (Lina Romay) Field's slaughter of her lover at a dive called the Flamingo Club ("He betrayed me with a mulatto slut") plus some impenetrable stuff about pilfered diamonds serve as the pretext for whisking our heroine off to jail, where despite the liberal protestations of the warden (who bears too striking a resemblance to Sardu in **BLOODSUCKING FREAKS** for us to take seriously), the predictable outrages are trotted out. Things never get quite as

extreme as in Franco's **GRETA, THE MAD BUTCHER** but budding deviants will find more than enough to divert them along the way.

The inmates' time is spent lounging naked around their cells ("It's so muggy!" "Yes, the heat is keeping me awake!"), sexual assignations with the warden easing the monotony and earning them minor privileges. No such avenue is open to sultry, Juno-esque Romay, the warden expressing a preference for "blondes with sexy asses". He does however detail one of his conquests to spy on her ("Life is shit and there's no shortage of stoolies in the shithouse"). Romay is discovered reading a note from Milton Warren, Insurance man, who is planning to break her out of jail and get to the bottom of the diamonds affair. For this she is hung naked in chains (another trademark Franco fetish) and whipped, then subjected to the aforementioned genital electrocution. As her body convulses, the camera zooms in on her wobbling breasts (Yep, this *has* to be a Franco film). Once the ordeal is over, the warden offers her a conciliatory gift of cologne. Romay seems to be happy to accept this olive branch:

"Why should I hold grudges against a little punishment?" she reasons magnanimously: "You're the warden, you must enforce discipline."

"I find you as beautiful when you're laughing as when you're suffering," says the warden, who seems to be reconsidering his prejudice against brunettes.

Having lulled the old perv into a false sense of security, Lina pulls a gun (God knows where she's

been concealing that) and marches him out of the jail to a rendezvous with Milton Warren, Insurance man, and a mysterious dude played by none other than (I KNEW IT!) Jesus Franco, who lectures the warden on his moral failings (look who's talking) then shoots him dead.

For Romay this proves to be a case of "out of the frying pan, into the fire" because back at their HQ her rescuers take turns beating up on her to elicit the whereabouts of those diamonds (remember them?), till she confesses they're located in the basement of Flamingo Club (did it not occur to anyone to turn that place upside down?). Romay takes Franco down to the bowels of the building, shoots him and absconds to Vera Cruz with Milton Warren, Insurance man.

"It is true we have committed murder," muses Milt as the credits roll.

"But who were the victims? People who deserved to die!"

Careful Jesus... Feminists and film fans alike might care to hoist you on your petard. Incidentally, a catty comment made by one of the prisoners about the warden could serve equally well as a critique of Franco, the man and the director: "He's such a pig, but when he gets his hands on a pair of tits he doesn't know what he's doing."

Editor's note: Incidentally, John Martin's fantastic magazine GIALLO PAGES is now available. Write to ONLINE Publishing, 33 Malby Road, Mansfield, NOTTS NG 18 3BN, UK for details.

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AN INTERVIEW WITH BRIGITTE LAHAIE

BY PETER BLUMENSTOCK AND CHRISTIAN KESSLER

ETC: You began your career in the seventies as a porno actress. How did you become involved in the X-rated movie business?

BL: Well, I was born in the north of France. My parents worked in the night-club business so we travelled a lot and moved quite often. I felt like home was a little bit of everywhere. I came to Paris when I was 18 years old and I was certainly very interested in seeing new things and this whole new amazing world. I wanted to become somebody, wanted to be rich and famous. One day I discovered in a newspaper, an advertisement looking for young women who might be interested in making movies. I saw my big chance and answered. That is how I became an X-rated movie star. I think I did my very first movie in October of 1976. After three years of doing pornographic films I decided to switch to "normal" movies and become a real actress so I stopped accepting X-roles and also took acting lessons. I enjoyed doing the X-rated films but if I look at all the terrible productions made today, I think my choice was the right one. It took about 4 years until I finally had

the chance to work in a non-pornographic film and now, well, I think I'm quite famous here in France (laughs). It is funny because even today most people still know me best for my X movies. I really don't mind my past but it is a little bit strange and quite a phenomenon. I mean, I did those movies more than 10 years ago and only for three years so I think this fame is quite obscure. Maybe one reason is the many many re-titlings and re-releases of my old pictures so my X-filmography might seem larger than it actually is. Who knows?

ETC: What do you think about the entire X-movie scene today? Most of it lacks any story or ideas, just concentrating on the act and shot on video.

BL: I think it's very difficult today. The people don't want to see interesting X-movies with a plot. The entire market is full of cheap crap and really terrible productions. The society got a little bit used to pornography I think. There is no longer something special to it as there was in the early seventies where everything began here in France. Even our TV station, Canal Plus, shows once in

awhile an X-movie and you can buy video tapes everywhere. It's like going out to buy cigarettes. Pornography became a real non-artistic product which you can consume for one hour and then forget it forever. That is also why those films all look alike today.

ETC: You also started a singing career if I remember.

BL: Not really a singing career. I just did one record in 1987. It was a really stupid song. I also did another one for Canal Plus. I interpreted famous song by Juliet Greco and that is all there is to my "singing career". I think I am not a very good singer so probably it was best to stop before going any further in that business.

ETC: A few years ago you also wrote a book, Moi: La Scandaleuse.

BL: Yes, that is true. I hope it will be published in one month or so. It is a novel and tells the story of a married middle-class woman who is sexually frustrated and no longer happy with her boring day to day life. One day she starts, together with her girlfriend, to work as a nude model for amateur photographers. I had the idea for this book two years ago. At the time I began writing, it was just for fun and I never thought it might be published some day.

ETC: Is this book a little bit about yourself and your past in relation to the woman's escape from the so called "moralistic" world?

BL: Not really. Beatrice, the leading character in my book is a completely different person than I am. I was never sexually depressed. I always lived my life the way I wanted to and always enjoyed what I did. It is mainly a story about the difficulties of being interested in sex in our society and the problems in finding the right man. Last April I also had my first experience with theater. I wrote the play by myself and about myself. I wanted to give people an inside look into the private life of a "sex-star" and show that working in this business is quite different from what many people expect it to be. The producer of the play offered my stage a revue so I am working on this project at the moment.

ETC: You worked several times for Jean Rollin and his LES RAISINS DE LA MORT was one of your first non-pornographic movies. What is working with Jean Rollin like?

BL: I think he is a very nice and gentle man who has a lot of interesting and artistic things to say in his movies. Unfortunately many of his projects never became reality like a movie called BESTIALITY in which I would have played the lead role. He always had huge problems financing his movies, I think now more than ever. I really love Rollin. His movies are very special, a different kind of cinema. If he ever asked me to work with him again I would say, "Yes, at once!".

ETC: You also worked with Jess Franco.

BL: Yes, it is quite difficult to say anything about him. I think he is a man with a lot of real talent but he just did too many movies. Franco is obsessed with directing and that is his big mistake. He is so fond of the directing process but never really cares about the final result. But he is a marvelous director. I can remember one scene in DARK MISSION. I had a quite difficult scene where I had to cry. Before we shot that scene Franco came to me. He was very nice and made a lot of compliments. He said he wants me for his next movie and so on. He was really gentle. I was so excited about the idea of working with him in the future so I played my role as perfect as I could. I really wanted to show him he made the right choice. I think sometimes he is a genius on the set. He is a man with great visions and brilliant ideas but who also had a lot of bad luck in his career.

ETC: There are several rumors about GEFANGENE FRAUEN (ISLAND WOMEN) which was produced by Erwin C. Dietrich. Some people think Franco did that film.

BL: No, it was Dietrich for sure. Franco had nothing to do with that picture.

ETC: Do you know whatever became of all the other quite famous French porno-starlets such as Karine Gambier for example who also worked quite often with Franco?

BL: Unfortunately I really don't know. We always had a quite good relationship. I saw her the last time five years ago.

ETC: FACELESS was the last project you did with Franco.

BL: Yes, oh God. It was such a difficult movie for everybody involved. In the very beginning the

whole film was planned to be a very small low budget thriller, but as time went by, René Chateau, the producer, began to cast Telly Savalas, Helmut Berger, and others so the entire movie became quite big and expensive.

Franco had a lot of problems during shooting. He had many quarrels with the producers and also had a very bad relationship with FX-man Jacques Castinau. They almost fought every time they had to do a scene together. There were just too many people and too much money involved and so it became quite chaotic. Franco is used to working independently on the set I think. He was not really used to getting orders from every corner of the set and I think he was not very fond of this.

It was wonderful to work with Caroline Munro. She is so nice. She shares the same love for animals that I do. I was really surprised since I thought she was going to be arrogant. We went together to see my horses and really had a nice time together.

ETC: What sort of person is Gérard Kikoïne?

BL: He is a very simple and easy man to get along with. I think he is completely different from all the other X-directors I have worked with. Most of those men had sexual problems and were depressed in one way or another which gave them some "reason" to do those types of films. Maybe it's the same with most porno actors. Kikoïne is a man who had absolutely no problems. He was just a normal, friendly guy. For example Frédéric Lansac or Francis Leroy are really perverted guys. Don't

get me wrong, I say perverted in a good sense. I think the movies they did were quite good.

ETC: I think José Bénazéraf is a very strange man based on what I've heard about him.

BL: Oh, I don't like him at all. I think he is really crazy, really really mad. He is also very right-wing and fascist. I absolutely hate that. I also don't like the films I did with him. He made some good films in the sixties but the older he got the worse his movies became. I think he has nothing more to add right now. He burned out.

ETC: You also had a small role in HENRY AND JUNE. I was quite surprised to see you in this picture. How did that happen?

BL: Oh, that was a real adventure for me. I met Philip Kaufman one year ago. At first he didn't want me for the part because of my porno career. Fortunately, he changed his mind. My role was very very small but nevertheless, we had a good working relationship. We worked very long to get the scene right. I think the movie is quite good but unfortunately there are several scenes which I was not so fond of when I saw the film later on. I don't think it represents what Henry Miller intended to say with his work.

ETC: Is there a director you would love to work with again?

BL: Maybe Kaufman. I love to work with young directors. They are so full of energy and ideas. I think they have much more to say and to give the audience than most of the older ones.

ETC: You were announced to star in Roger Vadim's film project, KAMASUTRA. Why was this film never made?

BL: I don't know for sure. Probably the usual problems here in Europe. I think they had financial problems and were not able to raise enough money. It was film about two young people who discover the Kamasutra and because of this, the joy of sex. At the time I read the script I was not so much fascinated by the story. I found it quite boring. Vadim is a very soft, sweet person who knows exactly what he wants but unfortunately I never had a very good relationship with him. Who knows why? Maybe we were too different. Perhaps I was too introverted for him.



BRIGITTE LAHAIE

FILMOGRAPHY

BY LUCAS BALBO

Born Brigitte Van Meerhaeghe around 1958, used pseudonym Brigitte Simonin after quitting pornographic films in 1980, then switched back to Lahaie. Wrote her autobiography in 1987 published as "Moi, la scandaleuse". Also started a singing career and various writing commitments in sexy crime novels and horoscopes. Co-starred in a comedy theater act in 1991, "Cresson qui s'en dédit".

1976

-LES PLAISIRS FOUS
(WILD PLEASURES)
Dir. Georges Fleury (=J. Dewillens)
-JOUISSANCES
(DELIGHTS)
Dir. Frédéric Lausac (=Claude Mulot)
-VIBRATIONS SEXUELLES
(SEXUAL VIBRATIONS)
Dir. Michel Gentil (=Jean Rollin)

1977

-RENTRE C'EST BON
(COME, IT'S GOOD)
Dir. Masy Micky (=Maxime Debest)
-ÉTREINTES (EMBRACES)
Dir. Masy Micky (=Maxime Debest)
-J'ONDE MON VENTRE
(OVERFLOW ON MY BELLY)
Dir. Masy Micky (=Maxime Debest)
-BORDEL SS (SS BROTHEL)
Dir. José Bénazéraf
-LES GRANDES JOUISSEUSES
(GREAT PLEASURE)
Dir. C. Bernard-Aubert
-LA RABATEUSE
(THE FEMALE BEATER)
Dir. Claude Bernard-Aubert
-NUITS BRÛLANTES
(BURNING NIGHTS)
Dir. Claude Bernard-Aubert
-EXCÈS PORNOGRAPHIQUES
(PORNOGRAPHIC EXCESS)
Dir. Claude Bernard-Aubert
-INDÉCENCES 1930
(INDÉCENCIES 1930)
Dir. Gérard Kikoïne
-JE SUIS UNE BELLE SALOPE
(I'M A FILTHY BITCH)
Dir. Gérard Vernier
-JOUIR JUSQU'AU DÉLIRE
(REVEL UNTIL DELIRIUM)
Dir. Gérard Vernier
-CATHY FILLE SOUMISE
(CATHY, SUBMISSIVE GIRL)
Dir. Bob W. Sanders
-ENTRECUSSES
(BETWEEN THE THIGHS)
Dir. Pierre B. Reinhart

-TOUCHEZ PAS AUX ZIZIS
(DON'T TOUCH MY COCK)
Dir. Patrice Rohm
-JE SUIS À PRENDRE
(I'M YOURS TO TAKE)
Dir. François Leroi
-FESTIVAL ÉROTIQUE
(EROTIC FESTIVAL)
Dir. Alain Thierry
-COUPLES EN CHAÎNE
(COUPLES IN HEAT)
Dir. Sam Corey
-LA MOUILLETTE
(THE WET THING)
Dir. Sam Corey
-CHAUD ET PERVERSE EMILLA
(HOT & PERVERSED EMILLA)
Dir. Ludo Renato
-LA FACE CACHÉE D'HITLER
(HIDDEN FACE OF HITLER)
Dir. Richard Balducci
-TRAIN SPÉCIAL POUR SS
(SPECIAL TRAIN FOR SS)
Dir. James Gartner
-LES RAISINS DE LA MORT
(GRAPES OF DEATH)
Dir. Jean Rollin

1978

-VIENS J'AIME CA
(COME, I LIKE IT)
Dir. Paul Martin (=Claude Pierson)
-LANGUES COCHONNES
(DIRTY TONGUE)
Dir. Paul Martin (=Claude Pierson)
-BOUCHES EXPERTES
(EXPERT MOUTHS)
Dir. Paul Martin (=Claude Pierson)
-ONDÉES BRÛLANTES
(BURNING SHOWERS)
Dir. Jack Régis & Bernard Lapeyre
-AUTO STOPPEUSES EN CHAÎNE
(HITCH-HIKERS IN HEAT)
Dir. Claude Bernard-Aubert
-SOUSSION (SUBMISSION)
Dir. Burt Tranbree (=Claude Aubert)
-LA GRANDE MOUILLE
(THE GREAT WETNESS)
Dir. Burt Tranbree (=Claude Aubert)

-VEUVES EN CHAÎNE
(WIDOWS IN HEAT)
Dir. Burt Tranbree (=Claude Aubert)
-JE BRÛLE DE PARTOUT
(I'M BURNING ALL OVER)
Dir. Clifford Brown (=Jésus Franco)
-COUPLE CHERCHE ESCLAVE SEX
(LOOKING FOR A SEX SLAVE)
Dir. Patrick Aubin (=Jean-Claude Roy)
-PRENDS-MOI DE FORCE
(TAKE ME BY FORCE)
Dir. Jean-Marie Pallardy
-UNE FEMME SPÉCIALE
(A SPECIAL WOMAN)
Dir. Jean-Marie Pallardy
-SECRÉTAIRES SANS CULOTTE
(SECRETARIES W/O PANTIES)
Dir. Michel Jean (=Jean Gérard)
-ENQUÊTE 666
(INVESTIGATION 666)
Dir. Gérard Kikoïne
-LA VITRINE DU PLAISIR
(WINDOW OF PLEASURE)
Dir. Gérard Kikoïne
-LA CLINIQUE DES FANTASMES
(CLINIC OF GHOSTS)
Dir. Gérard Kikoïne
-ANNA TOUJOURS TROUVÉES
(ANNA WITH THE OPEN THIGHS)
Dir. José Bénazéraf
-LES CHATTES (FEMALE CATS)
Dir. Sam Corey
-VIOL (RAPE)
Dir. Peter Knight (=Pierre Chevalier)
-NEW GENERATION
Dir. Jean-Pierre Lodi-Logoff

1979

-PÉNÉTRÉZ-MOI PAR PETIT TROU
(ENTER THRU THE SMALL HOLE)
Dir. Gérard Vernier
-PARTIES CHAUDES (HOT PARTS)
Dir. Claude Bernard-Aubert
-LE RETOUR DES VEUVES
(RETURN OF THE WIDOWS)
Dir. Claude Bernard-Aubert
-PÉNÉTRATIONS MÉDITERRANÉEN
(MEDITERRANEAN PENETRATION)
Dir. Jean-Marie Pallardy

-LES ENFILÉES (FUCKED WDMAN)
Dir. Patrick Aubin (= Jean-Claude Roy)

-MAÎTRESSES POUR CDUPLE
(MISTRESS FOR A CDUPLE)
Dir. Patrick Aubin (= Jean-Claude Roy)

-SDIRÉES D'UN CDUPLE VDYEUR
(EVENINGS DF VDYEUR CDUPLE)
Dir. Patrick Aubin (= Jean-Claude Roy)

-INNOCENCE(S) IMPUDIQUE(S)
(INNOCENT/LEWD)
Dir. Patrick Aubin (= Jean-Claude Roy)

-PHOT SCANDALE
(SCANDALOUS PICTURES)
Dir. Patrick Aubin (= Jean-Claude Roy)

-I/HISTIRE 3 PETIT CDCHDNS
(STORY DF THE 3 LITTLE PIGS)
Dir. Robert Perrin

-ESTIVANTES POUR HDMME SEUL
(VISITORS FDR A SINGLE MAN)
Dir. Bob W. Sanders

-LA NUIT DES TRAQUÉES
(NIGHT DF HUNTED)
Dir. Jean Rollin

-FASCINATION
Dir. Jean Rollin

-LE CDUP DE PARAPLUIE
(UMBRELLA CLAN)
Dir. Gérard Dury

-L. CDMME ICARE (I LIKE FLESH)
Dir. Henri Verneuil

-GEFANGENE FRAUEN
(ISLAND WOMEN)
Dir. Erwin C. Dietrich

-DIE NICHTEN DER FRAU DIERST
(NIGHT DF FEMALE CDLONEL)
Michael Thomas (= Erwin C. Dietrich)

-6 SCHWEDINNEN IM PENSIDAT
(SIX SWEDEN DN THE CAMPUS)
Michael Thomas (= Erwin C. Dietrich)

-JULCHEN APOTHEKERSTÖCHTER
(AMDRUS SISTERS)
Dir. Erwin C. Dietrich

-6 SCHWEDINNEN IM TANKSTELLE
(SIX SWEDEN AT A GAS STATIDN)
Michael Thomas (= Erwin C. Dietrich)

-L'HÉRITIÈRE (THE HEIR)
Dir. Gérard Loubau

-LE SEGRETE ESPERIENZE DI
LUCA E FANNY
(SECRET EXPERIENCE DF
LUCA AND FANNY)
Dir. Gérard Loubau

-ERDTICA
Dir. Paul Raymond

1980

-DIVA
Dir. Jean-Jacques Beineix

-LES ÉCHAPÉES
(ESCAPED FEMALES)
Dir. Jean Rollin

-BIDASSES AU GRANDES
MANÈVRES
(BELLIES WITH GRAND MOTION)
Dir. Raphaël Delpard

-LES PETITES ÉCDLIÈRES
(LITTLE SCHDDLGIRLS)
Dir. Frédéric Lussac (= Claude Mulot)

-LE JOURNAL ÉRDTIQUE
D'UNE THAILANDAISE
(ERDTIC DIARY DF A LADY
FRDM THAILAND)
Dir. Jean-Marie Pallardy

-SECRÉTARIAT PRIVÉ
(PRIVATE SECRETARY)
Dir. Claude Bernard-Aubert

-JAMES BANDE OSEX
(JAMES BOND OSEX)
Dir. Michel Baudricourt

-ELECTRIC BLUE ND. 3
Dir. Adam Cole



1981

-MARRÉS PAS, C'EST POUR RIRE!
(DON'T LAUGH, IT'S A JOKE!)
Dir. Jacques Bernard

-LAISSE TON PÈRE AU VESTIAIRE
(LEAVE FATHER IN THE LOBBY)
Dir. Richard Balducci

-SI MA GUEULE VDUS PLAÎT...
...ASSISTER
(IF MY FACE TURNS YOU DN...
...SIT DN IT)
Dir. Michel Baudricourt

-POUR LA PEAU D'UN FLIC
(FOR THE SKIN DF A CDP)
Dir. Alain Delon

-ÉDUCATION ANGLAISE
(ENGLISH EDUCATION)
Dir. Jean-Claude Roy

-ANTDINE ET JULIE
Dir. Gabriel Axel

1982

-LES BRIGADES VERTES
(GREEN BRIGADE)
Dir. Gilles Grangier

1983

-A.D.N.
Dir. Ali Bogzaili (unreleased)

-LA FRANCE INTERDITE
(FORBIDDEN FRANCE)
Jean-Pierre Garauet/Jean Imbrohois

-LAVABO (TOILET)
Dir. Patrick Bouchitey (short)

1984

-BRIGADE DES MŒURS
(VICE SQUAD)
Dir. Max Pécas

1985

-JIDY AND IDAN
Dir. Jacques Sauriel

-L'EXÉCUTRICE (EXECUTOR)
Michel Caputo (= Michel Baudricourt)

1986

-SUIVEZ MON REGARD
(FOLLOW MY EYES)
Dir. Jean Carlini

-LE CDUTEAU SDUS LA GORGE
(KNIFE UNDER THE THRDAT)
Dir. Claude Mulot

1987

-DN SE CALME ET DN BDT FRAIS
(LET'S CALM DOWN AND
DRINK A CDDI DNE)
Dir. Max Pécas

-DARK MISSIDN
Dir. Jésus Franco

-LE DIABLE RDSE (PINK DEVIL)
Dir. Pierre B. Reinhart

-THÉRÈSE IL LA MISSIDN
(THERESE AND THE MISSIDN)
Dir. Guillaume Perrotte (short)

-JDHNNY MDNRDE
Dir. Renand St. Pierre

-L'ANTHIDLOGIE DU PLAISIR
(ANTHIDLOGY DF PLEASURE)
Dir. John Love

1988

-LES PRÉDATEURS DE LA NUIT
(PREDETDORS DF THE NIGHT)
(FACELESS) Dir. Jésus Franco

1990

-HENRY & JUNE
Dir. Philip Kaufman

Editor note: special thanks to
Françoise Harris for the translations



THE JEAN ROLLIN

INTERVIEW

**CONDUCTED BY PETER BLUMENSTOCK,
CHRISTIAN KESSLER & MICHAEL NAGENBORG**

ETC: When I saw LE VIOL DU VAMPIRE for the very first time, I was quite impressed by a visual style that seemed so fresh and original compared to all the other Vampire films produced at that time. Where do you think your style originates from?

JR: I never ever really found out where my stylistic influences came from. Certainly it was influenced by surrealistic films. The entire style just came from inside all the people involved in this movie because we had to improvise so much during shooting. There was absolutely no possibility to plan anything and so the picture really reflects a little bit of us and the mood we were in at that time. Perhaps one influence, especially for my use of color in LA VAMPIRE NUE comes from George Franju. JUDEX impressed me a lot. There is one scene in JUDEX where you can see people at a hall and everybody is wearing strange animal masks. LE VIOL DU VAMPIRE was a very strange film to

make. I became known to Sam Selesky, an American who gave me some money because he liked the short films I did a few years before. He just came to see me one day and said, "Jean, here is some money so show me what you can do with it." It was certainly not a large amount but at least it was real money and so we were able to shoot for two weeks in an old castle ruin. The result was a 45 minute short that cost almost nothing. I went to Selesky with it and said, "45 minutes, quite nice but if you give me a little bit more money we could do a complete film for cinemas. I did 45 minutes with almost nothing so please give me the chance to do another 45 minutes with almost nothing." (laughs) Because we had to improvise so much and due to the fact all the actors and people behind the camera were complete amateurs, except for one professional actor who plays the professor in the clinic, the result turned out to be really bizarre. Maybe even more for me than for any other person

who views the film but doesn't know about the production circumstances. The film was running in four cinemas here in Paris and became some sort of little scandal.

ETC: What was the reaction of the audience?

JR: Oh, they reacted terribly. In one theater they had to call the police because people were throwing garbage at the screen or demolishing seats. Many people wanted their money back after the screening and a large number just came to see the nude scenes (laughs). I don't think there were many people who really knew what was going on in this film.

ETC: Did you shoot the theater sequences for LE VIOL DU VAMPIRE at the Grand Guignol theater?

JR: Yes, we shot that scene during the very last active period of the Grand Guignol a few months after we finished the first part of the film. I always wanted to do something inside the theater because I loved it a lot.

ETC: The score of LE VIOL DU VAMPIRE is also pretty unusual. Was it your idea to use a Jazz score?

JR: Yes, I like that kind of music very much. It was "composed" by the very first French-free Jazz combo and the leader is quite famous at the moment in clubs here in Paris. You can see all the musicians during the theater sequence with their instruments. I also love the music in LES FRISONS DES VAMPIRES. It was composed by



Le Viol Du Vampire

a group called Acanthus. The members were only 16 years old at the time and never did anything else together after my movie.

ETC: PHANTASMES PORNOGRAPHIQUES is the only one of your films that was not completed by yourself. What happened?

JR: Oh that is a sad story. PHANTASMES is, as you said, not really my work. Only about 30 minutes or so are by me. I am only responsible for some basic scenes in the film. All the X-rated scenes were directed by some other guy but I really don't know who did it.

ETC: What about the other porno films you made using the name Michel Gentil?

JR: Uuuuhhh, they are completely uninteresting. I just did them to make a living. For PHANTASMES I used my own name in the credits because what I did in that film (the 30 minutes that was used) I really liked. There are also some other directors here in France that used the name Michel Gentile so now, many films are credited to me which I have never done. For example AMOURS COLLECTIVES, PORN APOTHEOSIS, DEEP PENETRATIONS as well as other titles. I am also unable to tell you the exact titles of all the X-titles I did because they very often received different names for their video releases. By the way, I have to warn you, there is another terrible film I did. Do you know LE LAC DES MORTES VIVANTES (ZOMBIE LAKE)?

ETC: Wasn't that film supposed to be directed by Jésus Franco?

JR: Yes, I have to tell you this story. It is an incredible film. At that time, years ago, I wanted to go on vacation for a few weeks. The morning I wanted to leave, the phone rang. It was a guy from the Euroxine company and he said, "Tomorrow morning we will shoot a Horror movie but we have a little problem. The director, Jess Franco, is just not here. Nobody knows where he is. Are you interested? Don't worry about the story." The next day I showed up on the set, took a look at the script and laughed for the next hour, and then shot the film in a very very short time. I'm sure you're able to see that (laughs). It was only a technical direction. Due to the contract, it was a Spanish co-production and they needed to use the name of a spanish guy for the credits. They chose J.A.Lazer

and what can I tell you, I didn't care what name they used as long as it wasn't Rollin (laughs).

ETC: Do you know Jess Franco?

JR: Yes, I really like some of his films. There are always some special moments in them that I really enjoy. Unfortunately, I haven't seen many of his films.

ETC: You claim that LES DEMONIAQUES is a tribute to American Serials.

JR: Yes, I tried to revive the spirit of those old, naive serials for the film and I think the result turned out quite well. Shooting was very nice and interesting.

There was an old shipwreck which I discovered a long time ago and I absolutely wanted to use that one for my film. It was really hard and dirty work to move it from one beach to the other where we did the picture. I think you can find it even today at that beach. No one removed it after shooting so it remains some sort of Rollin monument for the future.

ETC: You worked several times with actor Willy Braque. What sort of person is he?

JR: He is completely mad (laughs). No, this is only a joke because "Braque" means, here in Paris, mad or crazy. He is for sure a very strange guy, a little paranoid perhaps. He also tried several times to direct his own movies. He started 4 films but has never been able to finish them. He was physically unable to go on working on them. He is really strange!

ETC: You also co-wrote Bruno Zincone's EMANUELLE 6. Is it true you also shot additional scenes for the film?

JR: Yes, the story was my idea. There occurred many problems. It was the director's second film. They sent him to Venezuela where he had a lot of troubles with the natives, money and other things. After nine weeks he returned but had only one hour of usable film. Not nearly enough. The producer asked me to shoot cheap fill-in scenes outside of Venezuela.

Everything you can see in the film outside of Venezuela is my work. I have to say my heart was not very interested in the project, I just did it to keep food on the table.

Brigitte Lahaie in Fascination



ETC: You worked several times with Brigitte Lahaie. What about her? (Also, see interview with Brigitte Lahaie elsewhere in this ETC)

JR: I first worked with her in my X-film VIBRATIONS SEXUELLES, then in LES RAISINS DE LA MORT. There is a very nice sequence where she is standing with two large dogs inside a doorway. This was meant to be a tribute to Bava's LA MASCHERA DELL' DEMONIO (BLACK SUNDAY) where Barbara Steele had a similar scene. Brigitte is very very intelligent and charming. She has an incredible charisma and whenever she appears on the screen creates a strange erotic atmosphere that is just incredible.

ETC: What about the thriller LES TROTTOIRES DE BANGKOK?

JR: Well as I told you I am a very big fan of American serials. When I made LE VIOL DU VAMPIRE I first wanted to do a film in this style but everything turned out to be completely different. A few years ago a producer offered me a thriller and I thought now, at age 50 it would be a fun thing to do a movie close to my cinematographic origins. There is nothing really fantastic in this picture. I also don't think it was a very serious film. A sort of 90 minute long inside-joke for people who know my work. You will find several elements and homages to my older movies in it.

ETC: How are you preparing a film? Do you have complete scripts or just a little "guide" on how to arrange a scene.

JR: Especially for my earlier films, I just wrote a few pages. I spent a lot of time at home thinking about scenes and how to do them, but when I was on the set everything seemed different to me. It seems in these moments I have two minds and souls. The planning, thinking writer and the suggestive director. Scripts become unimportant on the set for me, they are a little bit like a prison and I always like to break out.

ETC: How much freedom do you have on your sets? Especially for productions such as LA MORTE VIVANTE?

JR: For this film I had to do several commercial scenes to make the film suitable for a wider audience. For example, the producer wanted me to include the American couple so the non-European audience had some heroes they could identify with. I have to say it was not the producers idea to kill both of them at the end (laughs loud). Jacques Ralf was co-writing the script with me. I always finished writing a scene and he did the changes afterwards to make the film more commercial. He changed the dialogue and made it far less poetic. He also wrote all the dialogue between the Americans because I was bored doing such stuff.

ETC: Are you happy with the film?

JR: Well, yes. It was planned to be a completely commercial film in the very beginning. I just wanted to have a box-office hit and so I had to censor myself during the scriptwriting every second. The result is OK but not a very personal film.

ETC: You worked on this picture with Marina Pierro. What sort of actress is she?

JR: Oh, she is very Italian. It was a pleasure to work with her but she is very vain. All the time she cared more about her beauty and the way she would appear on the screen than anything else. In one scene she had to walk from one side of a room to the other. The only thing she was interested in was the fact I only wanted to shoot her back and not her face.

I said, "You would never ever see Marlon Brando only in facial closeups". She was quiet for a minute and then said, "OK". (laughs)

ETC: Your latest film is PERDUES DANS NEW YORK. Can you tell me something about it?

JR: Sure, the film is now finished. It is a one hour TV film. It is a very important film to me because I had again complete artistic freedom. A friend of mine who is a producer for TV called and said he needed a few fill-in sequences of New York. I went, along with a cameraman, there and shot buildings, bridges, landscapes and other boring stuff. Accidentally we met a set designer who stayed with his assistant in the same hotel as we did. I called my producer and said it would be a shame to stay in New York without shooting a film (laughs). I ordered him to send more film and so we made a movie. Once again I had to improvise a lot. I invented a pretty strange story. There are two young girls lost somewhere in New York. Both try to reach each other which is not too difficult since both are telepathic. We returned with 20 minutes of usable film. Everybody loved the material and so I was able to get more money to expand the film to 60 minutes. I shot additional scenes at "my" beach which you can see in many of my movies. It has a strange fascination, I think. At this beach both girls find an African statue with magical powers. This power makes it possible to move through time and space. The girls appear at different places and different ages. I think it is a very interesting film. It is a tribute to all the things I love so much about the old pictures. A sort of "Best of Rollin" (laughs). I hope there will be a video release very soon. It marks some sort of end for me as a director and my work can now be seen as finished.

ETC: Does this mean you no longer want to direct?

JR: Well, I certainly hope I am able to direct again some day but I want to go in a different direction. At this moment, the film industry is not a good place for me to work. I am not able to realize my dreams in a suitable way. It is very frustrating, believe me, but I have found quite a good solution for this problem. I've taken all my old ideas and transformed them into books. I am now concentrating on writing and I think this will be my future direction. I had finished a script for a movie supposed to be called PRIVATE HELL and I just transferred it to a book dealing with the same theme. Also my book *Le Demoiselles De L'Etrange* was also a script. I have written all in all six books at the moment, four are yet to be published.

ETC: How many other films in the last few years never became a reality due to money problems?

JR: I have about 10 stories. I have already written 5 screenplays, including dialogue. The other stories are only in synopsis form of about 10 pages but I have every detail in my head.

ETC: What about a project called BATHORY?

JR: This is my dream project and I really hope to be able to make it as soon as possible as I think the time is right for me to direct again. I have an appointment with some Russian producers next week and hope they are willing to give me some money. I have never worked with Russians before so I am looking forward to meeting with them. Hopefully they aren't as commercially minded as the French producers.

ETC: Do you ever have censorship problems with your films?

JR: Yes, sure. There was a scene in *LE VIOL DU VAMPIRE* for example where I showed a Black Mass. This scene was considered obscene and was supposed to be cut. I was lucky because, due to the student riots (May 68) and the nation-wide strike, nobody was there who could cut my film and so it went out uncut.

ETC: In 1985 you planned a project starring Brigitte Lahaie called BEASTIALITY. What was this film about?

JR: It was a werewolf film. I was inspired by a book I had read a long time ago. The film was supposed to begin in India. An old Ambassador returns from India and brings back some sort of souvenir, a large beast, some sort of wolf. He puts the wolf in a cave under his large castle. He also has a beautiful daughter, played by Lahaie, but he never had the chance to see her because she was raised in France. One night she hears human cries from that cave and finds inside a beautiful exotic

woman. Both become more than just close friends. There is also some sort of initiation where Brigitte transform into a wolf. At the end, the old father has to kill them both. I was unable to raise enough money for the film. It was the wrong story for this time period. Our film had no big special FX and it was the time of *THE HOWLING*. What made those films so popular were the FX-scenes but I absolutely wanted to show no transformation-scenes or graphic gore. Not lesbian vampires but lesbian werewolves (laughs). Many people I spoke with said to put violence and more sex in it and then I will give you some money. I did that too often and so I preferred to say no and I think it was a good choice.



Femmes Dangereuses



JEAN ROLLIN

FILMOGRAPHY

Compiled by Mark Brusniak

with Peter Blumenstock, Christian Kessler and Lucas Balbo

- 1958 **LES AMOURS JAUNES**
(THE YELLOW LOVES)
Notes: SHORT FILM
- 1959 **CIEL DE CUIVRE**
(COPPER SKY)
Notes: SHORT FILM
- 1960 **L'ITINERAIRE MARIN**
(MARINE ROUTE)
Notes: FEATURE LENGTH (unfinished)
- 1964 **VIVRE EN ESPAGNE**
(TO LIVE IN SPAIN)
Notes: SHORT FILM (Documentary)
- 1965 **LES PAYS LOINS**
(THE FAR COUNTRY)
Notes: SHORT FILM (Science Fiction)
- 1967 **LE VIOL DU VAMPIRE**
(THE RAPE OF THE VAMPIRE)
Les Films ABC/Sam Selsky
Screenplay: Jean Rollin. Photography: Guy Lehoucq, Antoine Harlope. Editor: Jean-Denis Bonna. Music: Yvon Gersault, François Tusques. Cast: Solange Prudel, Ursule Pauly, Nicole Romain, Bernard Létour, Catherine Deville.
Notes: Composed of two separate shorts: **LE VIOL DU VAMPIRE** and **LES FEMMES VAMPIRES (THE VAMPIRE WOMEN)**. Horror
- 1969 **LA VAMPIRE NUE**
(THE NUDE VAMPIRE)
Les Films ABC
Screenplay: Jean Rollin, S.J.L.Mouth. Photography: Jean-Jacques Renon, Michel Maillois. Music: Yvon Gersault, François Tusques. Cast: Olivier Martin, Maurice Lemaître, Caroline Cartier, Ly Létrang, Bernard Musson, Cathy Tricot, Paul Bisciglia.
Horror/Sci-Fi
- 1970 **LE FRISSON DES VAMPIRES**
(THE THRILL OF THE VAMPIRE)
Les Films ABC/Films Modernes
Screenplay: Jean Rollin. Photography: Jean-Jacques Renon. Music: Groupe Acanthus. Cast: Sandra Julien, Jean-Marie Durand, Dominique, Jacques Roholles, Marie-Pierre (Pony) Tricot.
Notes: aka **STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN AT NIGHT, SEX AND THE VAMPIRE** (U.K.).
Horror
- 1971 **REQUIEM POUR UN VAMPIRE**
(REQUIEM FOR A VAMPIRE)
Les Films ABC/Franco
Screenplay: Jean Rollin. Photography: Renan Polles. Editor: Michel Patient. Music: Pierre Raph. Cast: Marie-Pierre (Pony) Castel, Mireille Dargent, Philippe Guste, Dominique, Paul Bisciglia.
Notes: aka **THE VIRGINS AND THE VAMPIRES, DUNGEON OF TERROR** (Best Video), and **CAGED VIRGINS**. Horror

1972 LA ROSE DE FER
(THE ROSE OF IRON)
Les Films ABC
Screenplay: Jean Rollin, Maurice Lemaitre. Photography:
Jean-Jacques Renon. Editor: Michel Patient. Music:
Pierre Raph. Cast: Françoise Pascal, Hugues Quester,
Mireille Orgueat, Pierre Dupont, Nathalie Perry. Horror

1973 JEUNES FILLES IMPUOQUES
(LEWD YOUNG GIRLS)
Les Films ABC/Avia Films
Director: Michel Gentil (Jean Rollin). Screenplay:
Nathalie Perry. Photography: Claude Becognee. Music:
Pierre Raph. Cast: Joëlle Coeur, Gilda Stark, Marie-
Hélène Regne, Willy Braque, Jean Rollin.
Note: aka LUSTY GIRLS. Sex

LES OEMONIAQUES
(THE DEMONIAQS)
Les Films ABC/Nordia Films/Parigi-General Films
Screenplay: Jean Rollin. Photography: Jean-Jacques
Renon. Editor: Michel Patient. Music: Pierre Raph. Cast:
Joëlle Coeur, Patricia Hernandez, Liya Barr Lone, John
Rico, Isabelle Capojans, Mireille Orgueat, Willy Braque,
Paul Bisoglia, Jean Rollin.
Note: aka OEMONIACS, CURSE OF THE LIVING
OEAD, THE HORRIBLE WOMEN. Horror

1974 BACCHANALES SEXUELLES
(SEXUAL BACCHANAL)
Les Films/Nordia Films
Director: Michel Gentil (Jean Rollin). Screenplay: Michel
Gentil. Photography: Claude Becognee. Music: Rex
Hilton. Cast: Joëlle Coeur, Marie-France Morel, Anne
Brilland, Britt Anders, Willy Braque, Marie Castel.
Note: aka FILLE DE CHAIR DU FRAIS
(DAUGHTERS OF THE FRESH FLESH), FLY ME
THE FRENCH WAY. Sex/Horror

LEVRES DE SANG
(BLOODY LIPS)
Off Productions/Scorpion 5/Nordia Films
Screenplay: Jean Rollin, Jean-Lou Philippe.
Photography: Jean-François Robin. Editor: Olivier
Gregoire. Music: Odiër William Le Pauw. Cast: Jean
Lou Philippe, Anne Brilland, Nathalie Perry, Willy
Braque, Paul Bisoglia, Serge Rollin, Jean Rollin, Cathy
Castel, Pony Castel, Claudine Becognee. Horror

1975 PHANTASMES
(PHANTOMS)
Les Films ABC/ Impex Films
Screenplay: Jean Rollin. Photography: Allink. Editor:
Michel Patient. Music: Odiër William Le Pauw. Cast:
Myèle O'Antes, Jean-Louis Vattier, Rachel Mhas, Cathy
Castel, Pony Castel, Jean Rollin, Monica Swann.
Note: aka ONCE UPON A VIRGIN (UK),
SEDUCTION OF AMY (US VIDEO). Horror/sex

DOUCES PENETRATIONS
(SWEET PENETRATIONS)
E.O.P.
Director: Michel Gentil (Jean Rollin). Screenplay: Michel
Gentil. Cast: Tanya Busselier, Charlie Schreiner,
Martine Grimaud, Pony Castel, Cathy Castel. Sex

1976 LA COMTESSE IXE
(THE COUNTESS IXE)
Impex Films/Nordia Films
Director: Michel Gentil. Screenplay: Michel Gentil.
Editor: Olivier Gregoire. Music: Didier William Le Pauw.
Cast: Rachel Mhas, Alban Ceray, Jackie D'Artois, Cyril
Val, Cathy Castel. Sex

HARD PENETRATION
Director: Michel Gentil (Jean Rollin). Screenplay: Michel
Gentil. Photography: Georgy Fromentin, Bernard Dechet.
Editor: Bernard Honnore. Music: Michel Roy. Cast:
Cathy Castel, Alban Ceray, Alain Richard, Jacques
Marboeuf, Alain Rayhand. Sex

VIBRATIONS SEXUELLES
(SEXUAL VIBRATIONS)
Director: Michel Gentil (Jean Rollin). Cast: Brigitte
Lahaie, Alban Ceray, Maude Carolle, Catherine Castel,
Rachel Mhas. Sex

1977 SAUTE MOI DESSUS
(JUMP ON ME)
Director: Michel Gentil (Jean Rollin). Music: Paul Pict,
Michel Roy. Cast: Miriam Wattena, Patrick Lyonnet,
Marilyn Chanaud, Jean-Paul Bride, Thérèse Barthel. Sex

LEVRES ENTROUVERTES
(OPEN LIPS)
Director: Michel Gentil (Jean Rollin). Music: Gary
Sander. Cast: Samantha, Charlie Schreiner, Cyril Val,
Miriam Wattena, Maryline, Mica.
Note: aka MONIQUE LEVRES. Sex

Claude GUEDJ

Rush Distribution
PRESENTE



LES RAISINS DE LA MORT

(Pesticide)

POSITIONS DANOISES

(DANISH POSITIONS)

Director: Michel Gentil (Jean Rollin). Music: Dany Durras. Cast: Willy Brague, Lisa Steinhilber, Mand Carole. Sex

1978 LES RAISINS DE LA MORT (THE GRAPES OF DEATH)

Les Films ABC/Rush Productions/Off Productions
Screenplay: Jean Rollin, Jean-Pierre Bouyxon, Christian Meunier. Photography: Claude Boegoe. Editor: Christian Stolanovich, Dominique Saint-Cyr. Music: Philippe Sissmann. Cast: Marie-Georges Pascal, Serge Marquand, Patricia Carlier, Brigitte Lahaie.
Note: aka PESTICIDE. Horror

1979 PENETRATIONS VICIEUSES (VICIOUS PENETRATIONS)

Director: Michel Gentil (Jean Rollin). Photography: Pierre Fattori, Jean Fattori. Music: Sonorinter. Cast: Henri Lanoite, Orson Roschad, Cyril Val, Cathy Stewart, Ingrid, Paulette Durand. Sex

INTRODUCTIONS PERVERSES (PERVERSE INTRODUCTIONS)

Director: Michel Gentil (Jean Rollin). Photography: Pierre Fattori. Music: Sonorinter. Cast: Cyril Val, Valerie Martin, Dominique Aveline, Cathy Stewart, Sophie Duflot. Sex

FASCINATION

Les Films ABC/Comex
Screenplay: Jean Rollin. Photography: Georges Fromentin, Borden Berkowsky. Editor: Dominique Saint-Vyr. Music: Philippe D'Arum. Cast: Brigitte Lahaie, Jean-Marie Lemaire, Franka Mai, Fanny Magier, Miriam Wautaux. Horror

1980 LA NUIT TRAQUEES (THE NIGHT OF THE HUNTED)

Screenplay: Jean Rollin. Photography: Jean-Claude Couty. Editor: Gilbert Kikoin. Music: Gary Sander. Cast: Brigitte Lahaie, Vincent Gardair, Dominique Journet, Bernard Papineau, Cathy Stewart.
Note: Re-released in 1981 with two extra scenes as FILLES TRAQUEES (HUNTED GIRLS); NIGHT OF THE CRUEL SACRIFICE. Horror



La Nuit Traquée

LE LAC DES MORTS VIVANTS (THE LAKE OF THE LIVING DEAD)

Eurocine/J.R. Films (Spain)
Director: J.A.L. (Jean Rollin). Screenplay: A.L. Marius. Photography: Max Monteillet. Editor: Claude Gros. Music: Daniel White. Cast: Howard Vernon, Pierre Escourrou, Anouchka, Anthony Mayans, Nadine Pascal.
Note: aka ZOMBIE LAKE (Wizard Video). Horror

1981 LES ECHAPPEES (THE ESCAPES)

Les Films ABC/Impex Films/U.C.T.
Screenplay: Jean Rollin, Jacques Ralf. Photography: Claude Boegoe. Cast: Laurence Duban, Christiane Coppe, Mariane Vallio, Brigitte Lahaie.
Note: aka FUGUE MINEURE, LES MEURTRIERS and THE LOSERS. Action

1982 LA MORTE VIVANTE

(THE LIVING DEAD GIRL)
Les Films ABC/Films Alerias/Films Du Yaka/Selesky
Screenplay: Jean Rollin, Jacques Ralf. Photography: Max Monteillet. Music: Philippe D'Arum. Cast: Marina Piers, Françoise Blanchard, Mike Marshall, Carina Barone, Jean Rollin. Horror

1984 LES TROTTOIRS DE BANGKOK (THE SIDEWALKS OF BANGKOK)

Les Films ABC/Impex C.L.
Screenplay: Jean-Claude Benhamou. Photography: Claude Boegoe, Hubert Toyot. Editor: Janette Krouegee. Music: Georges Lartigue, Michel Deneuve. Cast: Yoko, Françoise Blanchard, Brigitte Borghese, Andre-Richard Volnley, Antonina Laurent.
Note: aka KILLSTREET (W.G.) Action

1985 NE PREND PAS POULETS POUR DES PIGEONS (CHICKENS PRETENDING TO BE PIGEONS)

Les Films ABC/Les Films de Peau Vive
Director: Michel Gentil (Jean Rollin). Screenplay: Jean-Claude Benhamou. Photography: Quinto Albicocco. Editor: Janette Krouegee. Music: Alex Perdigon, Jean-Claude Benhamou. Cast: Jean-Marie Vanclain, Jean-Claude Benhamou, Popeck, Michel Galabru, Gerard Landry. Action

1990 LA GRIFFE D'HORUS (THE CLAWS OF HORUS)

Notes: Short Video

1991 PERDUES DANS NEW YORK (LOST IN NEW YORK)

Mars International/Les Films ABC/Francam Inter-Service
Screenplay: Jean Rollin. Photography: Max Monteillet. Editor: Janette Krouegee. Music: Philippe D'Arum. Cast: Catherine Hercey, Catherine Levret, Fanny, Adeline Abiad, Nathalie Perrey. Made for TV Fantasy

A LA POURSUITE DE BARBARA (CHASING BARBARA)

Eurocine
Note: "Just a piece of film of 20 minutes for Eurocine. Of no interest." J.R.

1993 FEMME DANGEREUSE

A LOOK AT JEAN ROLLIN'S LATEST FILM **FEMME DANGEREUSE**

by Jean-Marc Baurit

FEMME DANGEREUSE (DANGEROUS WOMAN), the new film by Jean Rollin tells the story of a mysterious Chinese woman who commits a series of crimes that follow no logical pattern. She stalks her victims armed with only her beautiful body and a P.38. Two police inspectors from Paris are assigned the case spend the balance of the film trying to catch her. They set an effective trap and capture her before she can complete her plan of revenge.

In spite of an interesting story, the movie must be considered a disappointment. As usual, the lack of money is the prime culprit. Rollin is able to maintain suspense up to the very end as we slowly discover why this woman is randomly executing people. A typical Rollin "love story", a quite mad one at that, the murderess reveals herself to be psychologically weak once her revenge is complete. Two sequences are reminiscent



of previous Rollin films, like the vampire in **LES FRISONS DES VAMPIRES**, the Chinese woman comes out of a clock to kill a married couple from **FASCINATION** the famous murder with a scythe scene is repeated. Jean Lou Philippe from **LÈVRES DE SANG** plays an antique dealer and Rollin has a brief but important cameo part.

Despite some great qualities, this film is frustrating in its alternating of exceptional moments with distressing scenes (like the dance which goes on much too long and adds nothing to the film).

FEMME DANGEREUSE (1993)

Director: Jean Rollin. Screenplay: Jean Rollin. Photography: Max Monteiller. Cast: Tiki, Bertrand Biget, Jean Lou Philippe, Jean-René Gossard, Frédérique Haymann. 91 minutes

Special thanks to Véronique Djaouti for the picture that accompanies this review.



THE TRASHY ART OF CLAUDE CHABROL

by Ric Menello

*"Okay, so these films are trash; but let's not do it by halves.
Let's get into the trash up to our necks."*

---Claude Chabrol

In his invaluable book SPAGHETTI WESTERNS - THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE VIOLENT, Tom Weisser mentions the curious career of French director Louis Malle, who has alternated between arty excursions like MY DINNER WITH ANDRE, and more exploitative fare like VIVA MARIA and PRETTY BABY. While Tom has a point, it should be noted that virtually all of Malle's films have a lack of narrative drive and a visual fussiness associated with mainstream foreign films, no matter how exploitative the subject. If Tom found Malle's case strange, what would he make of fellow countryman Claude Chabrol, often called "The French Hitchcock"? Since kicking off the "New Wave" virtually single handedly in 1958 with LE BEAU SERGE and paving the way for the likes of Jean-

Luc Godard, Francois Truffaut and Eric Rohmer, Chabrol has directed over forty films and a dozen television projects. Among these, critics have singled out such arthouse classics as LE BOUCHER (1969), QUE LA BETE MEURE (THIS MAN MUST DIE) (69) and the recent AFFAIRE DE FEMMES (STORY OF WOMEN) (88) for special praise.

By now, you're asking yourselves, "What the fuck does this have to do with ETC, and why are they wasting space on this guy when they could be printing another nude photo of Edwige Fenech?" (Actually, I've often asked that question myself). The reason is simple; the arthouse classics and subtle mainstream studies of human behavior are only part of Chabrol's story. The other part includes films like DR. POPAUL (HIGH HEELS),

a sick, demented comedy thriller with Jean-Paul Belmondo as a man who loves only ugly women; **THE NADA GANG**, a political gangster film with genre favorites Fabio Testi and Lou Castel heading up a violent terrorist group that kidnaps the U.S. ambassador to France and then shoots it out with a merciless army of police snipers; **THE MAGICIANS**, in which a second rate psychic and conjurer (Gert Frobe) predicts a seemingly happy marriage (Franco Nero and Stefania Sandrelli) will end in murder and a bored, malicious playboy (Jean Rochford) decides to make the prediction come true; **DIRTY HANDS**, with Rod Steiger as a washed up, ham actor (big surprise!) coming back from the dead to torment and then seduce the wife who murdered him (Romy Schneider). Add to the mix the 1960's spy flicks **THE TIGER LIKES FRESH BLOOD** and **AN ORCHID FOR THE TIGER**, the comic strip based stylistics of **THE BLUE PANTHER** the soft core, explicit sexuality of **QUIET DAYS IN CLICHY** and the borderline sci-fi pulp thriller **DR. M (CLUB EXTINCTION)** and you've got the makings of a very interesting, extremely talented director of what might be described as semi-exploitative trash. There is plenty of outrageous black comedy (especially in the aforementioned **DR. POPAUL**), some classy delectable nudity (Romy Schneider, Laura Antonelli, Jennifer Beals, etc), some good action and suspense and a unique, cynical vision that is Chabrol's own. Okay, so there's not much gore and the pace isn't as frenetic as it is with the Italians, but these films have their own compensations, and they are certainly just the thing for the Euro-Trash fan looking for a refreshing change of pace.

Of course, this isn't to say these films aren't bizarre enough to be included in this magazine. **DR. POPAUL** contains a dream sequence in which Belmondo is castrated by a guillotine (seen in silhouette, thank God), and Bruce Dern has a fantasy in **THE TWIST (POLLES BOURGEOISE)** where his penis inflates to gigantic proportions on the stage of the Crazy Horse saloon, only to have it attacked by his various mistresses, wielding scissors! Indeed, in Chabrol's **LANDRU** (aka **BLUEBEARD**) (63), over a dozen beautiful women are murdered in an hysterical dark comedy where a puff of black smoke coming from Landru's chimney stands in for blood and guts. The characters are so unusual, and the approach so satirical that the lack of overt violence is more than made up for by the style. (Okay, guys, I know I'm pushing it. Let's just say

you'll laugh out loud). Chabrol burst onto the scene in 1958 with the one-two punch of **LE BEAU SERGE**, a tough drama about a dissolute young man from the city who returns to his rural roots only to find things are even worse there, and **LES COUSINS**, a vicious, cynical film about two young students sharing an apartment in Paris. Previously, like such illustrious Italian directors as Sergio Sollima, Umberto Lenzi, Dario Argento and Carlo Lizzani, Chabrol had been a movie critic. He wrote for the famous *Cahiers Du Cinema*, a magazine which scorned the pretentious, fussy French dramas of the 40's and 50's and championed the fast moving, tough, no bullshit films of Americans like Howard Hawks and Alfred Hitchcock. Chabrol's move to the director's chair was natural, and he paved the way for many filmmakers to come.

By 1964, however, he was in trouble. The fickle French critics and public had deserted him for his artier peers, such as Godard and Truffaut. In order to keep his career going, Chabrol turned to the emerging spy genre and jumped in with both feet. "Okay, so these films are trash," he said, "But, let's not do it by halves. Let's get into the trash up to our necks." The result, **THE TIGER LIKES FRESH BLOOD (LE TIGRE AIME LA CHAIRE FRAICHE)** (64) was a hit and a funny, entertaining addition to the army of James Bond imitators marching across Italy and France at the time. Algerian born star Roger Hanin portrays "The Tiger", a former commando and hero of the resistance who is now a crack secret agent. Scorning Bond's gadgets, he relies on brains and brawn, often utilizing his wrestling expertise to get out of a jam. Assigned to bodyguard a Turkish diplomat and his beautiful daughter (Daniela Bianchi of **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE** and **De Martino's OPERATION KID BROTHER**), "The Tiger" hantles a weird assortment of assassins, including a midget who hides in a giant hird cage and has himself delivered to his victim as a present! You won't soon forget the sight of the little guy emerging from the cage, with hird shit all over his jacket and a parrot on his shoulder, to strangle the diplomat. A wrestling motif runs throughout the film, most obviously in a sequence where a match is intercut with "The Tiger" in the dressing room, beating the shit out of a group of wrestlers in order to get some much needed information. Indeed, all of the violence has the comic, cartoon quality one associates with pro-wrestling, and this helps to make the film the fun spoof that it is. Shot on a low budget in sharp

Black and White by Chahrol's usual ace cameraman, Jean Rahier, **THE TIGER LIKES FRESH BLOOD** is an offbeat item and a rarity, a spy spoof that works by being just a shade more absurd than the real thing.

The success of the first **TIGER** film led to a sequel the following year, **AN ORCHID FOR THE TIGER (LE TIGRE SE PARFUME A LA DYNAMITE/THE TIGER SMELLS OF DYNAMITE)** (65), this time shot in color on a bigger budget. Roger Hanin is once again the title character, hating revolutionaries, arms dealers and a gang of blonde Neo-Nazis, all intent on taking over the island paradise of Cayenne. The film is less a spoof than an action film with liberal doses of humor. The action scenes are swiftly paced and exciting, including a ship taken over by modern day pirates clad in wet suits, and a scene at a zoo, where "The Tiger" finds himself in a cage being whipped by two young Nazis, while their masters watch from outside. Euro-Trash sex symbol Margaret Lee and Jorge Rigaud put in welcome appearances, and there is a brilliant performance by Michel Bouquet (of Yves Boisset's **COP**) as a villainous politician. It all involves an attempt to revive the Third Reich by bringing a notorious Nazi war criminal to the island, but don't worry too much about that. Just enjoy the action, as "The Tiger" takes on an army of villains with his overworked fists. Best of all, director Chahrol himself puts in an appearance as a grizzled doctor assigned to X-ray a shark for some secret tapes. "Lights, Camera!" calls out the director, as the X-ray pops on.

The same year, Chahrol turned to a comic strip and pulp figure for his inspiration. The character of the beautiful but naive Marie Chantal was created by Jacques Chazot, and Chahrol co-wrote and directed the cinematic adaptation, titled **MARIE CHANTAL CONTRE LE DOCTEUR KHA** (65) in France, but released to U.S. television as **THE BLUE PANTHER**. Marie Chantal is at the movies one day when a spy being chased by enemy agents ducks in and drops the title statue in her lap for safe keeping. The aforementioned spy is later killed, and Marie finds herself being hunted by agents from every country, who want the priceless idol for themselves. Also after her are the forces of the evil master criminal Dr. Kha (Akim Tamiroff) and his arch-enemy, the saintly Dr. Lamhare, who represents an international organization dedicated to peace. Marie is aided in her flight by Paco Castillo (Francisco Rabal of **CITY THE WALKING DEAD** and **IT CAN BE**

DONE...AMIGO) and pursued by Dr. Kha's beautiful but lethal lesbian assistant Olga (Stephane Audran, the director's then wife and frequent star). The whole thing is wild and colorful, a true comic book of a movie, if somewhat less outlandish than, say, Bava's **DANGER: DIABOLIK** or Losey's **MODESTY BLAISE**. In the end, in typical Chahrol style, the evil Dr. Kha and the good Dr. Lamhare turn out to be one and the same. Chahrol's message is clear; Good doesn't exist, and if it did, it would be as silly and naive as Marie Chantal herself. Chahrol's cynical philosophy is brought out again and again in the film, as when a very tough Russian spy turns out to be under the thumb of his own spoiled son, or when a hapless bartender (Chahrol himself) is poisoned by accident when he drinks the wrong fruit punch.

After a tricky, visually ravishing mainstream thriller starring Anthony Perkins, **THE CHAMPAGNE MURDERS** (66), Chahrol returned to the spy genre for **LA ROUTE DU CORINTH (THE ROAD TO CORINTH/WHO'S GOT THE BLACK BOX?)** (67) starring Jean Seberg (**BREATHLESS**) and Maurice Ronet, of Solima's **A DEVIL IN THE BRAIN**, another pulp thriller about a spy murdered on his honeymoon and his wife being arrested for it. She must uncover the real killer and find out who's been stealing NATO's new radar devices in the process. There are chases, shootouts and hairbreadth escapes. Ms. Seberg makes a wonderful heroine and Chahrol himself has a great cameo as a stool pigeon disguised as a priest. He is about to give Seberg some information, when a whole gang of priests corner him and stah him to death. The priests then jump into a sports car and roar off at top speed, leading a spy (Michel Bouquet) to comment, "The Church is getting very liberal these days." In another funny scene, Seberg wanders through the streets of Corinth, penniless and on the run from both the law and the assassins, when she's picked up by a rich old man in a Rolls Royce. He proceeds to show her a porno film on the small movie screen in his car, and tries to cop a feel while pouring champagne (not easy). Yes, **THE ROAD TO CORINTH** has some fine moments.

In 1967, Chahrol regained his reputation with the critics and public alike by making **LES BICHES** (67), an arty but brilliant hi-sexual love triangle about two lesbians (Stephane Audran and Jacqueline Sassard) and the "man object" (Chahrol's own words) who comes between them (Jean-Louis Trintignant). The various couplings

and uncouplings result in madness and ultimately murder in an intense film that has been ripped off many times since, most recently with Barbet Schroeder's *SINGLE WHITE FEMALE*. As the result of the International success of this film, Jean Louis Trintignant was tapped by the Italians to star in a number of giallos (*SO SWEET...SO PERVERSE*, *DEATH LAID AN EGG*). *LES BICHES* also includes an incredibly erotic scene where Trintignant and Audran (who were man and wife offscreen before the latter married Chahrol) make love while Sassard kneels outside their door and masturbates, done with a touch of nudity and a lot of imagination. Here we find yet another example of Chahrol's influence on the more ambitious Euro-Trash directors, as the exact same scene shows up a few years later in a Senta Berger film titled *THE MISTRESS*. The main difference here is that Chahrol's scene is far sexier, with the added kick of lesbianism, while the Senta Berger film involves a more mundane heterosexual grouping.

With *LES BICHES*, Chahrol embarked on a string of critical successes in which exploitation-type plots were given an elliptical, arty treatment that intrigued audiences as well. The best of these were *LE BOUCHER* (a woman falls in love with a man who may be a serial killer), *LA FEMME INFIDELE* (68) (a husband's well ordered, bourgeois life is shattered when he murders his wife's lover), *LA RUPTURE* (70) (a scheming slimeball is hired to destroy a woman's life), and *QUE LA BETE MEURE (THIS MAN MUST DIE)*, a powerful revenge story. It wasn't until the 1970's that Chahrol returned, this time voluntarily, to the green fields of Euro-Trash.

Upon completing a brilliant English language adaptation of Eilery Queen's novel *TEN DAYS WONDER* (72) with Orson Welles and Anthony Perkins, Chahrol made his most perverse film ever, *DR. POPAUL* (released on video in the U.S. as *HIGH HEELS*), starring Jean Paul Belmondo, Mia Farrow and Laura Antonelli. Belmondo is the doctor of the title, a man who is obsessed with having sex with ugly women. And I mean ugly. He loves nothing more than seducing an old hag, showering her with love and affection as he makes her his latest conquest. In one of the most outrageous comic scenes ever put on film, Belmondo and his medical student pals bet on who can screw the ugliest woman in a year. Photos are compared and argued over ("No, she's got nice lips."). One guy produces a photo and says he wins, only to admit he didn't actually screw her, but

only performed oral sex ("Licking doesn't count," declares Belmondo). Finally, as if you didn't guess, Belmondo triumphs with a photo of what looks like a man in drag. Oddly enough, the film doesn't come off as misogynistic, because it is really a vicious critique of Belmondo's character, a narcissist who loves only himself.

In the course of this bizarre story, Belmondo marries Mia Farrow, who is made up to look like Jerry Lewis in *THE NUTTY PROFESSOR* complete with fake huck teeth, to get at her father's fortune. Things go awry when he meets her beautiful, sexually free sister (Laura Antonelli) and finds himself for the first time in his life attracted to someone good looking. His obsession with Antonelli grows, and one by one he arranges for her string of fiancés to die ("accidental deaths" (or are they in fact accidents brought on by wishful thinking?). Finally, she enters into an affair with him (complete with the beautiful Antonelli in several nude scenes), which leads to a complex and surprising murder plot. This is Chahrol's most controversial film, hailed in some quarters as a brilliant black comedy and reviled in others as offensive junk. It is probably both, and deserves a place in the heart of any Euro-Trash fan, if he looks beyond the Cannibal and Zombie flicks that usually take center stage. Belmondo's performance is hilarious, matched by Farrow and Antonelli, in a script written by Chahrol's longtime collaborator, Paul Gegauff (of *MORE* fame).

As the 70's wore on, Chahrol continued to mix art and trash, often in the same film. *THE TWIST* with Bruce Dern, Stephane Audran and Ann-Margaret, is a story about a writer's wife who drifts more and more into a world of bizarre fantasy. It includes a funny cameo by Tomas Milian as a Providence-style private detective, hired to shadow Audran's husband. *DIRTY HANDS* (75) was a thriller about a woman (Romy Schneider) who seduces a young writer into murdering her husband (Rod Steiger), or so she thinks. Steiger returns, seemingly from the dead, to torment her anew. Soon, they are making love with a fervor undreamt of previously. Schneider realizes that her scheme went awry, and her husband offered her lover instead. Sexually aroused by the thought that her husband is a murderer rather than a wimp, Schneider starts to fall in love with him. The two of them continue to play a sado-masochistic cat and mouse game until the lover shows up again, to prove Steiger was the wimp she always knew him to be. A peculiar, often hypnotic film with a dash of violence, a pinch of

nudity and a scene or two of true sensuality (Steiger and Schneider on the bearskin rug), DIRTY HANDS sometimes plays like a trashier version of Chabrol's arthouse thrillers (LA FEMME INFIDELE, JUSTE AVANT LA NUIT) or a more artistic version of an Umberto Lenzi giallo, depending on your point of view. And who can ever forget the scene where Steiger makes love to his wife and satisfies her for the first time ever, then drops fifty bucks on the table next to her?

By the early 70's, Chabrol was a celebrity in his home country and an internationally acclaimed filmmaker. Growing a bit tired of being labeled "The French Hitchcock", he cast about for something different, and found it with THE NADA GANG. Titled simply NADA in France and STERMINATE GRUPPO ZERO in Italy, this 1974 co-production fit squarely into both the political thriller and gangster genre, along the lines of Sollima's BLOOD IN THE STREETS (aka REVOLVER) which also starred Fabio Testi. "Nada" (Spanish for "nothing") is the name of a violent terrorist group, composed of misfits and outcasts from various political factions. Led by the dashing Diego (Fabio Testi, dressed in black with a flat brimmed hat, like a Spaghetti Western anti-hero), the group kidnaps the American ambassador during his weekly visit to a whorehouse (yes, more nudity here) and they hold him for ransom. The

French authorities don't give a damn about the ambassador's safety, they just want "Nada" destroyed, so they assign a thick headed, brutish French cop named Goemond to lead the hunt. Goemond embarks on a singleminded campaign to find the gang, torturing and beating suspects without a second thought. Little does he know that he will be double crossed by his superiors once he carries out his mission, and take the blame for getting the ambassador killed. It all comes to a head when an army of police snipers attack the farm house where "Nada" has its hideout in an explosive, bullet riddled scene that could hold its own with the best of Sollima. Only Diego manages to escape, but Goemond takes a former "Nada" member as his hostage and Diego must come to the rescue. In the end, Goemond and Diego stand there pumping bullets into each other, locked in a mutual ballet of hate. Only the ex-"Nada" member (Michel Duchossoy) survives, and when he calls up the newspapers to tell them the whole truth, he says he wants to talk about "Nada" (nothing).

Expertly lensed by Rahier in the subdued color palette often favored by Chabrol, with a military style musical score by Pierre Jansen, THE NADA GANG is a tough, and despairing film. Its philosophy is expressed by Diego at the end as "Violence of the terrorist and violence of the state are two jaws of the same idiot's trap. I fell into that trap." Once again, the film was dismissed as exploitative junk in France, though it was better received in England and the United States, where it enjoyed a limited release. It is simply one of the best political thrillers of all time, far better than the singleminded Z, and on a par with Petri's INVESTIGATION OF A CITIZEN ABOVE SUSPICION, Damiani's CONFESSIONS OF A POLICE CAPTAIN and especially Sollima's BLOOD IN THE STREETS (REVOLVER), which has a similar sense of despair.

Chabrol continued plowing the Euro-Trash field with THE MAGICIANS (LES MAGICIENS), another co-production, titled PROFEZIA DI UN DELITTO (PROPHECY OF A CRIME) in Italy. The cast reads like a virtual Who's Who of European genre filmmaking, including the always excellent Franco Nero, the always luscious Stefania Sandrelli, and the always amazing Gert "Goldfinger" Frohe. Nero is Sadry, a Moroccan engineer who has come home for a visit with his pretty Italian wife (Guess who?). They are staying at a luxury hotel frequented mostly by Europeans. Entertaining there is a cheap magician called The Great Vestar (Frohe) who really believes he has



**JEAN-PAUL
BELMONDO**
MIA FARROW
LAURA ANTONELLI

Claude Chabrol's High Heels ("Dr Popaul")

psychic powers. Vestar meets and befriends a rich, bored playboy (Jean Rochfort of *TILL MARRIAGE DO US PART*) and predicts the marriage between Nero and Sandrelli will end in murder. To amuse himself, the playboy hatches a plan to make Vestar's prediction come true, and manipulate Nero into killing his wife. Once again, although there is little violence until the end, the atmosphere of this film is downright diabolical. Rochfort is especially sharp as the villainous playboy, and Frohe a treat as the drunken magician, always complaining that he must squander his powers on the fools in the audience (perhaps a self portrait of the director?). In the end, Rochfort has gone from being a bored cynic to almost the devil incarnate. His plan succeeds, but in a way neither he nor his audience can predict. This is another film co-written by Paul Gegauff, who did many of Chabrol's most cynical works, and who was stabbed to death by his mistress at his Villa some years later, in a grisly example of life imitating art.

Over the years, Chabrol has returned now and then to his Euro-Trash ventures, confounding his critics and refusing to be pigeonholed. Recently, he followed his arthouse hit *AFFAIRE DE FEMMES (A STORY OF WOMEN)* with a film labeled "soft core porno" by French critics. This vulgar, comic rendition of Henry Miller's *QUIET DAYS IN CLICHY* (89) was shot in English with Nigel Havers (*FAREWELL TO THE KING*) and Andrew McCarthy (*LESS THAN ZERO*) romping around with such Italian sex symbols as Eva Grimaldi, Barbara De Rossi and Stephanie Cotta in a film reportedly featuring full frontal male and female nudity (I haven't had a chance to see it). Stephanie Audran, still lovely but now portraying the "older woman", has an outrageous cameo as a one legged prostitute and there is a sex scene involving someone dressed as Charlie Chaplin! Savaged by the mainstream French press, it was a flop and remains unreleased in any form in the United States, although persistent rumors of a video deal continue. Chabrol himself has said in an interview he thought it would be amusing to spoof Miller's novel, which he labeled overrated junk to begin with.

Chabrol's most recent Euro-Trash film is *DR. M*, released on video here as *CLUB EXTINCTION*, a modern day reworking of the films the great Fritz Lang made about the master criminal, Doktor Mabuse (*DR. MABUSE-DER SPIELER, DIE TESTAMENT DES DR. MABUSE*). In the early 60's, Lang made his final

opus concerning the good doctor, *THE THOUSAND EYES OF DR. MABUSE*, which touched off a glut of Mabuse films by other directors. Chabrol's 1990 resurrection features Alan Bates as the master criminal, a media giant named Dr. Marsfeld. This film has been covered previously in ETC, so I'll merely add that although it is a well done homage to Lang, and has some excellent things in it, it is not quite as good as some of Chabrol's better examples of Euro-Trash. The script by Sollace Mitchell isn't quite up to snuff, and Chabrol seems to lose interest halfway through, before coming back strongly at the end. Still, overall, it's the best Mabuse film since Lang's final statement, even though Mabuse's name isn't actually ever mentioned.

For now, Chabrol has returned to the arthouse, with *MADAME BOVARY* and the upcoming *BETTY*, an adaptation of a Georges Simenon novel. I was recently able to see a preview of *BETTY*, which will be released in the United States this summer. It is a masterly film, in which the director presents his usual Darwinian view of mankind, stressing survival of the fittest. The fact that it was primarily made for the arthouses, however, doesn't stop Chabrol from including a few superbly trashy touches in this tale of a free loving young woman (Marie Trintignant, Jean-Louis' daughter) who roams the streets in a drunken baze after being kicked out of her home by her insufferably stuffy husband and mother-in-law. It is mainly a study of this young woman's parasitical relationship with an older one (Stephane Audran) who befriends her, but there are a few fine opportunities for some close nude encounters of the full frontal kind involving the beautiful Ms. Trintignant.

This is the fascinating thing about Chabrol; whether making Euro-Trash or an Art film, he sees no basic difference in what he is doing. They are all Chabrol films, first and foremost. That means they are shot and edited with a precision worthy of Fritz Lang, spiced with scenes of nudity and had taste, and shot through with the director's own peculiar brand of black comedy and surrealism. His influence on the classier exploitation directors such as Tessari (*DEATH OCCURRED LAST NIGHT*), Sollima (*DEVIL IN THE BRAIN*), Lenzi (*SO SWEET...SO PERVERSE*) and even Questi (*DEATH LAID AN EGG*) is clear, and as he moves into his later years, we can only hope his mixture of trash and art continues to offend his middle class critics. Whatever you think of him, he's not just "The French Hitchcock".



...WHEN TRASH BECOMES TRAGEDY

BY MAERZ

*Sex and violence. Sex is violence. Violence is sex?
Is violent sex more intense than sex without violence?
And what about sexless violence?*

*Geissel De Fleisches and Schamlos
from director Eddy Saller provide explanations---*

From the late forties to the early seventies, the German film industry was very prolific, however, because of its political and social development, Germany wasn't able to generate a lively exploitation film industry. You may be aware of the, by now, widely known German sexploitation movies of the seventies - made infamous by the works of Erwin C. Dietrich and Jess Franco or the many so-called "REPORT"-films. The first SCHULMÄDCHEN-REPORT (SCHOOL GIRL REPORT) film was directed by Ernst Hofbauer in 1970 (which alone, spawned 12 sequels up through 1980). They generated an entire film genre that contained countless, nearly X-rated deranged sex-comedies. Up until the seventies, Germany didn't produce as many exploitation films as were being made in Italy, Spain, Japan and the U.S. From the

early post-war days on, Germany was instead producing hundreds of now, nearly unwatchable so-called "Heimatfilms" (these were sentimental movies set in idealized, regional settings, unbelievably stupid and kitschy). On the plus side, during this time, the well-known (and well regarded) genuine German-genre of Edgar Wallace films, adaptations of many of his (and his son, Bryan Edgar Wallace) novels were produced. These films not only had a strong impact on Dario Argento, but on the entire Giallo genre as a whole.

Germany produced only a handful of films in the vein of Russ Meyer (MUDHONEY to CHERRY, HARRY AND RAQUEL) and Doris Wishman (BAD GIRLS GO TO HELL) that contained reckless sex and crime exploitation. Two of these rare specimens came from the now

unknown Austrian-German director, Eddy Saller. He delivered two of the most confused and confusing movies ever to hit the silver screen in Germany. They are equally hard to see, even here in Germany, as neither film has been released to video nor shown on broadcast TV (a theatrical rerelease is also out of the question). Nonetheless, **GEISSEL DES FLEISCHES** and **SCHAMLOS** are important to German film history because of their rare connections to the international standards of great trash movies from the sixties. They are authentic, German grade-Z trash! The missing links to their U.S. counterparts proving that there is not only a difference between 'good' and 'bad' films, but important and interesting ones as well. Take a deep breath...

In comes Eddy Saller, proving that there were German films beyond the Wallace's. Manslaughter, murder, rape...Saller's films features all of these. His films are hard-hitting and they bring passions to a boil. Audiences were most likely stunned, sitting there in the dark, foaming at the mouth because Saller packed his films with a little bit of everything that was disrespectful (ie. cruelty, violence, depravity...)

The initial one to fall under our slippery examination will be Saller's first film to hit the German Language screens. A great title, **GEISSEL DES FLEISCHES** (translation: WHIP OF THE FLESH), an outstanding experience of cinematic aberration. Giving the whip to himself is the gifted Herbert Fux (**LADY FRANKENSTEIN**), whose facial expression is that of a scene of ruined devastation. Fux is well known to the Austro-German audience. Once you've seen this man, you can't erase his face from your mind. He has the talent to portray one who has the look of extreme cunning while under heavy sedation! He is a cross between a deranged Alain Delon and a low-life Klaus Kinski. If you want to know what was really wrong with the Third Reich, you have only to look at Fux. Imagine that he's one of the Führer's **BOYS FROM BRAZIL**, but from Austria, and a cross between Hermann Göring and Joseph Goebbels. Fux is unique in that he can be laughable and shocking at the same time. He's an outstanding villain and one of the single best character actors in German-speaking post-war cinema. Fux pops up in kinky exploitation comedies directed by Dietrich, Franz Antel, Franz Josef Gottlieb and in sleazy 'Euro'-Westerns (these really are silly German co-productions, a form of the Western genre below the standards of Spaghetti Westerns, mostly dull and dumb

adaptations of the naive Western novels by German writer, Karl May).

GEISSEL DES FLEISCHES is one of the most bizarre German Exploitation films by international (aka American) standards. In this extravaganza, Fux plays a failed concert pianist, Alexander Jahlonski, who just happens to be a sex-killer. Because he can't stop pestering the ballet students, he whips himself every time the urge overtakes him. Giving in to the pressure, he strangles the women he meets during the Vienna nightlife. He just gets carried away. All these permissive, luring women...He needs them, he hates them and he will never get one into bed. So he kills. He's a mean piece of shit, a vicious killer who feels the police are right on his ass. His territory is becoming more limited. One day, the police set a trap for him. An undercover policewoman pretends to be a stripper in an illegal underground 'Playboy'-bar. She's involved in a real provocative lesbian stage show. Jahlonski is too clever to make a mistake. He takes out his frustrations by mutilating a mannikin. But Marianne, the policewoman, puts herself in real jeopardy this time as she denies herself police protection. She is picked up by Jahlonski while hitchhiking and he ends up taking her to a suburban industrial ghetto and attempts to rape her. She isn't such easy prey and ends up beating him unconscious with a board. What an angry Bitch! He's down and out and nearly dead when the police show up and save him from Marianne's wrath.

This is actually an elliptical starting point for the film. After Jahlonski's first murder, you see him in court standing trial for his crimes. The story is told in flashbacks, interrupted by the unfolding of his crimes. As a director, Saller seems to be psychologically torn, much like the post-expressionistic prototype of the classical German lust-killer he's depicting.

Saller is a first class exploitation director, a little bit of a nihilist, existentialist and reactionary - you know, everything the silent majority in-crowd was into at the time. He has the talent to render his nasty stories into appropriate pictures. Everything in lovely black and white, angled shots, interestingly edged, the merging images dragged to the cutting room mercilessly fused together. Saller isn't the man to tell a story in the expected fashion. However, in a depraved way he's a magician, bringing to you a piece of authentic and rare Hun-trash. Saller's films are amateurish in their cinematic value, but they are important in their position within the 'non-existing'

rough German exploitation genre. Eddy Saller's films are important for the acceptance of these long neglected cinematic and social attitudes within the postwar German and Austrian society, which previously only existed through the well known Edgar Wallace films. In this genre and in Saller's films, there are exemplary case histories for the pathology of the deformed bourgeois-nazistic behavior. He pictured how history was lurking under the guise of democracy, changing from corruption to decadence. His films are unconscious descriptions of the mental state of the post war reconstruction era. They reflected the perverse and psychotic 'Wirtschaftswunder' (economic miracle) atmosphere of early sixties Germany and Austria which lasted until the student revolts.

In its best moments, the roughie genre is completely humorless, wild, unrestrained and unscrupulous. All this and much more you can find in Saller's next cinematic attack on good taste, *SCHAMLOS*. Udo Kier (who, along with Klaus Kinski and Herbert Fux is the third force within the German-speaking trash triumvirate. He was most recently seen in *MY PRIVATE IDAHO*, but he's probably best remembered for his starring role in both *ANDY WARHOL'S FRANKENSTEIN* and *DRACULA*) delivers a performance without parallel as a slippery high class juvenile delinquent. He plays his role in a very minimalistic style, all of his gestures are rendered in a frozen atmosphere. Behind that immobile mask of indifference and arrogance, there's sometimes a haze of volcanic emotional activity that comes to the surface. Kier plays Alexander Pohlmann, barely 20 years of age and leader of a criminal gang in Frankfurt. He's the ultimate cool guy, but not cool enough for a hube named Annabella. He describes Annabella thusly, "Stripper ...she's hot like a machine-gun that's run out of bullets." He pretends not to be interested that much in their relationship which is limited to fucking, drinking and smoking, all in an ultra-cool, laconic 'kiss my ass' monosyllabic-style. Annabella's untamed sex drive pushes everybody to the edge. She tries everything possible, wants to feel every feasible experience. Her father is a wealthy wholesaler but she ends up selling herself as a cheap hooker in a mobile brothel run by the local Big Boss, which Pohlmann and his gang are rivals of. One day Annabella's father shows up at the whorehouse and, upon seeing her is understandably upset. It's too much for the old guy to handle. When she later turns up dead, the father hires Pohlmann to find

her killer. As he slowly realizes that Annabella was the best thing going in his short, fucked up life the film spirals towards its nihilistic finale where damn near everyone ends up dead.

The plot isn't all that important. It features a lot of depraved characters, but the 'what' doesn't really matter nearly as much as the 'how'. And how Saller arranges and edits this mess together is hard to describe. From a German point of view, you *have* to see this to believe it.



Marina Paul

GEISSEL DES FLEISCHES: Austria, 1965; Written and directed by Eddy Saller; Produced by Herbert Heldmann; Camera: Edgar Osterberg, Hans König; Music: Gerhard Heinz; Actors: Herbert Fux, Hermann Laforet, Peter Janisch, Hans Obonya, Josef Loihl.

SCHAMLOS: Austria/Germany, 1968; Directed by Eddy Saller; Written by Eddy Saller, E. Neumayr; Camera: Walter Partsch; Music: Gerhard Heinz; Actors: Udo Kier, Marina Paul, Rolf Eden, Herbert Kersten, Vladimir Medar, Inge Toifl.



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